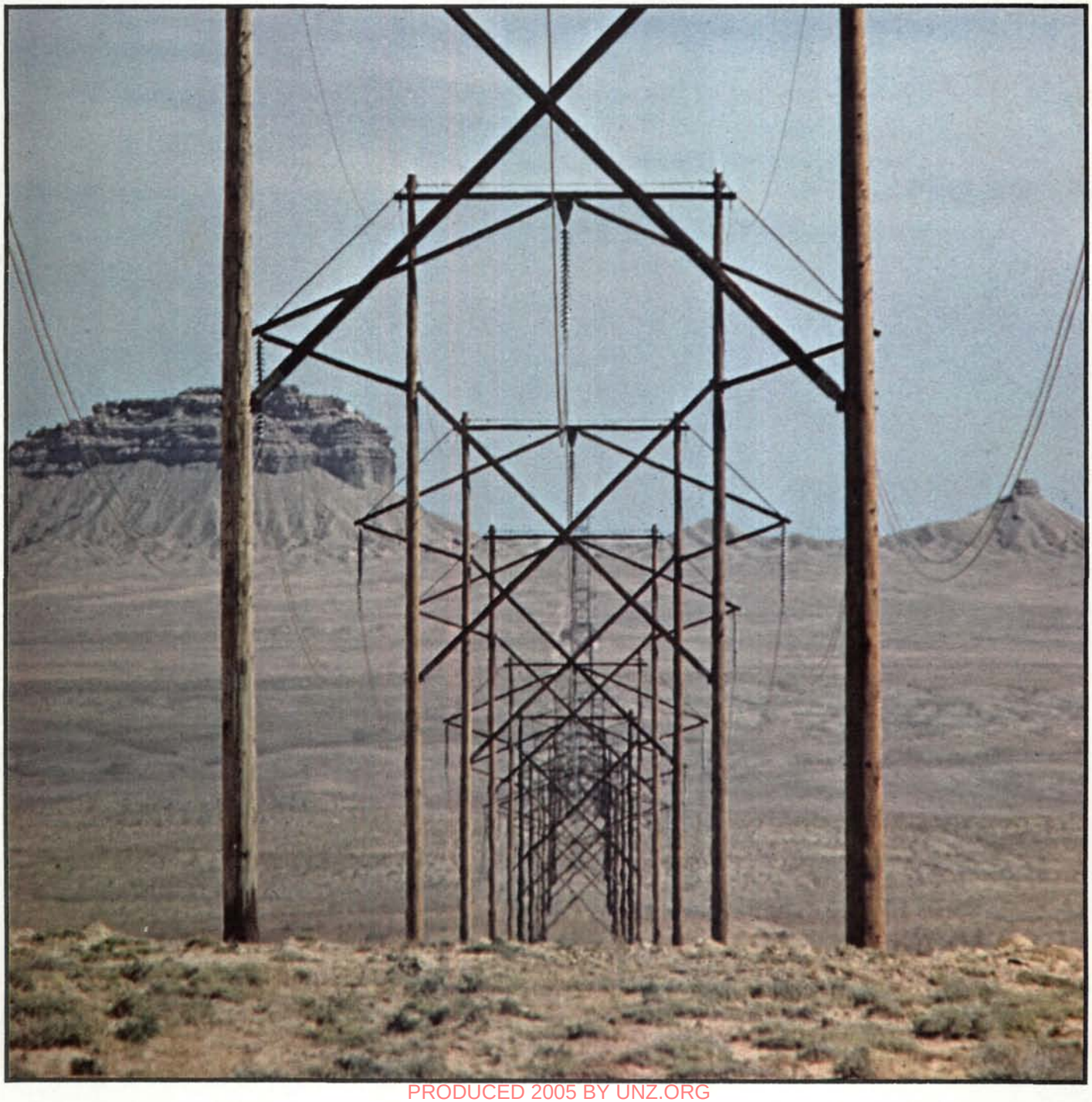
THE SOCIETY
Saturday Review
JUNE 3, 1972 50¢

Amitai Etzioni on the Difficulty of Changing People

The Remarkable Resurgence of Gerry's Gambit

HIGH TENSION IN THE DESERT: SHOWDOWN OVER POWER



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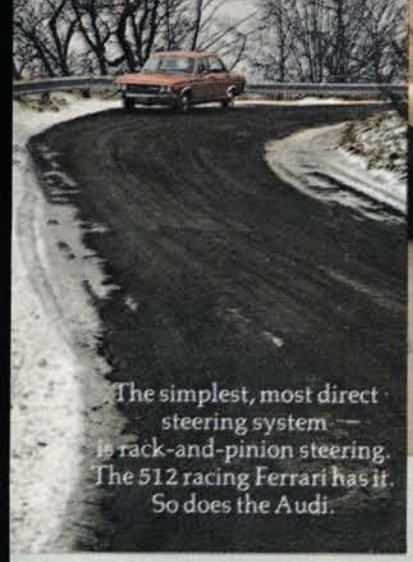
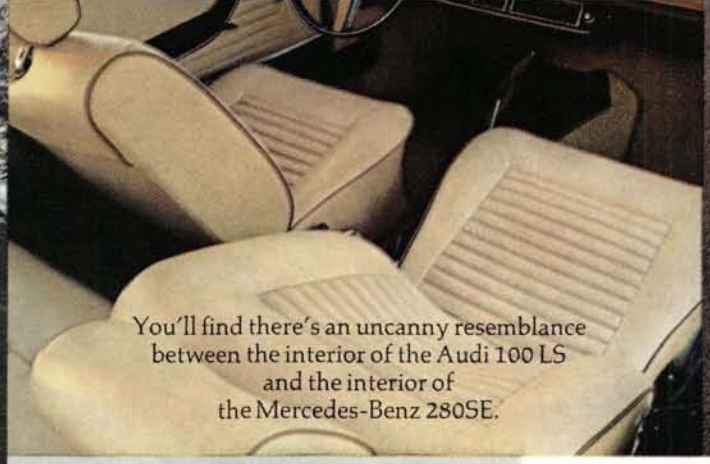
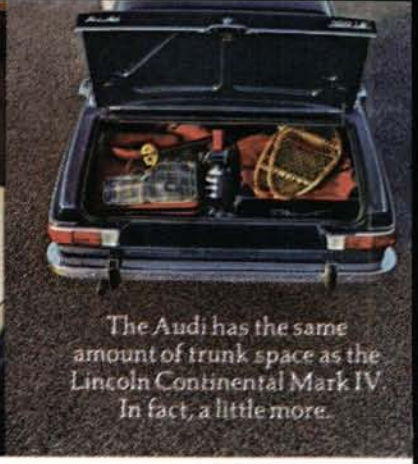


The simplest, most direct steering system — is rack-and-pinion steering. The 512 racing Ferrari has it. So does the Audi.



You'll find there's an uncanny resemblance between the interior of the Audi 100 LS and the interior of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.



The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. In fact, a little more.

The Porsche 917, one of the most renowned racing cars in the world, has *inboard* disc brakes. So does the Audi.

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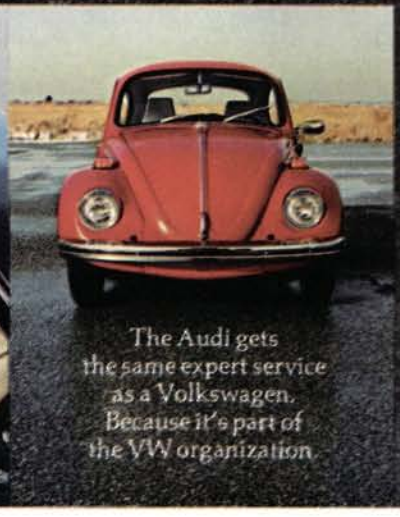

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Saturday Review

JUNE 3, 1972

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SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 23. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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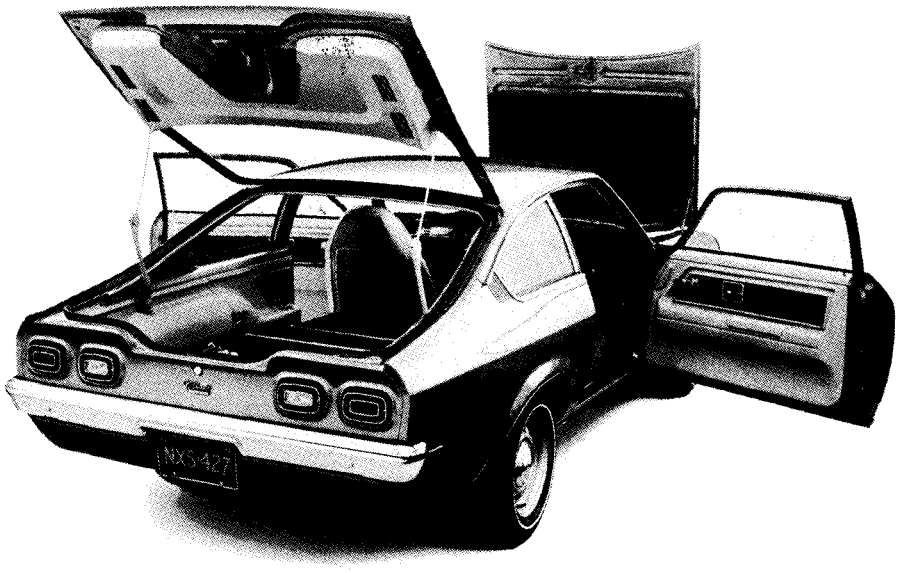
THE BIG CAR INSIDE OUR LITTLE CAR.



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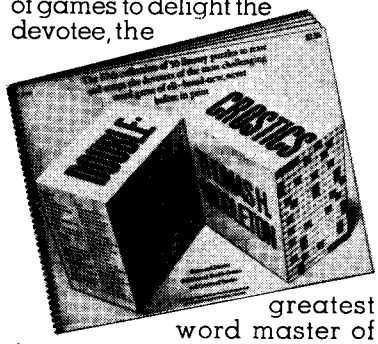

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pp. 13, 15, 18 Robert Pryor;

p. 30 map by Jack Taromina;

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This newspaper isn't written for everyone

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER

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Biggest Pot Report Filters Some Smoke

'We All Felt the Presence of Death'

...but it might be just what you are looking for!

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Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WHAT A WAY TO GO!

None of these people died of natural causes. Edgar A. Shoaff of La Cañada, California, describes their last moments and asks you to match each victim with his or her obituary. The final answers are buried on page 60.

1. Agamemnon ( )
2. Captain Ahab ( )
3. Duke of Clarence ( )
4. Lenina Crowne ( )
5. Danny Deever ( )
6. Magua ( )
7. Duchess of Malfi ( )
8. Marie Antoinette ( )
9. Professor Moriarty ( )
10. Richard III ( )
11. St. Stephen ( )
12. Yank ( )

a. He was plain stoned
b. Unhorsed and dispatched
c. Took a tumbrel from great heights
d. Trapped in his bathrobe and stabbed
e. Fell over the falls in a fight to the finish
f. Hugged to death by a shaggy primate
g. Drowned in a butt of malmsey
h. Snatched to eternity by an albino mammal
i. Kept a matutinal appointment with a rope
j. Shot off a precipice
k. Whipped to death by a disillusioned youth
l. Handed a hand and strangled by command

Letters

The Jesus People

Re: Peter Marin's "Children of Yearning" [*SR*, May 6]. The excesses of the Jesus Movement are not difficult to observe; popular religion often contains elements of superstition and emotional excess. That proves nothing, for such movements also lead many people to quieter, deeper levels of faith and thought. Nor are all the young people who have become involved in this phenomenon extremists in their ideas or behavior, any more than they are mainly ex-drug abusers. The idea that religious faith and enthusiasm are as bad as drugs, crime, and violence—that a sense of human brotherhood "in Christ" and a search for moral integrity are pathological—seems the kind of inside-out value judgment George Orwell describes in *1984*.

Peter Marin does not like abstractions. Neither do the Jesus People. They believe that they have come to a "personal encounter with Jesus Christ," in whom abstract good becomes for them a living reality. Some of these kids are antinomian and by orthodox Christian standards misled, but the whole movement cannot be judged as yet, nor categorized so neatly.

Stanley R. Sinclair
Visalia, Calif.

The Army

I read with interest Lt. Col. Edward L. King's observations on the problems of the army ["How the Army Destroyed Itself," *SR*, May 6]. He makes some valid points on the loss of tradition, the bureaucratization of the leadership, and the loss of "soul" in today's army.

His observations are less than valid when he wanders into areas where he has no firsthand knowledge. After having accepted the taxpayers' money for twenty-five years, ostensibly as a professional soldier, it would seem that he would have felt bound to go see for himself, rather than accept hearsay accounts of the "evils" of Vietnam.

This lack of firsthand experience is displayed by his gratuitous attack on Lt. Gen. William DePuy. As any First Infantry Division veteran can testify, under General DePuy's command the entire resources of the division were concentrated to an unprecedented degree on the well-being of the rifle squad. He put into practice the dual ideals of accomplishing the mission and of providing for his troops.

Lt. Col. H. G. Summers, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

The Cane Workers

"But apart from the efforts of the Chavez union in California, few field workers in America have been organized successfully," states Peter Schuck in "Tied to the Sugar Lands" [*SR*, May 6]. Since the late 1940s the sugar workers of Hawaii have been organized. They are members of the International Longshoremen's and Ware-

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housemen's Union, Local 142. The sugar bargaining unit consists of some 8,500 workers whose wages averaged $6,080 in 1970, with paid vacations and fringe benefits of another $1.25 an hour. A new industrywide agreement providing increased benefits was recently ratified by field and processing employees on our plantations.

Had Mr. Schuck compared Hawaii's sugar industry with conditions in Louisiana, the point he sought to make might have been graphically scored.

Governor John A. Burns
Honolulu, Hawaii

Youth Vote

Re: Steven V. Roberts's "Will the New Youth Vote Make Any Difference?" [*SR*, May 6]. Let us not be fooled by our youthful illusion of power. Most of us are just as apathetic and politically stupid as our parents. We are satisfied with the "feel" of power once in four years, but we live in the darkness of real power for the rest of our political existence.

Ronald E. Hubbard, Jr.
Austin, Tex.

In a recent local referendum re boosting the real-estate tax rate, the newly franchised (and mostly transient, in the real meaning of the word) college kids pushed it across by a fairly narrow margin. This was unfair to those of us who (a) have been paying for our homes for years; (b) are already taxed beyond reason; and (c) include many who either are on fixed retirement incomes or are struggling to raise young families. Some four-fifths of our property taxes goes for schools here.

Is there no reasonable way of barring the kids—who never saw a property tax bill—from voting on such purely local issues, when they'll be long gone by the time our hiked-up tax bills reach us?

Whit Hillyer
Evanston, Ill.

Unanticipated Challenge

Re: Kingsley Double-Crostic [*SR*, May 13]. When years of exposure to Double-Crostics had made solving them a mechanical and unsatisfying thing, I found for a while some small stimulation in forgoing the luxury of filling in the definitions, confining myself merely to writing in the message in ink. But I soon became jaded in even this game and was casting about for some new superchallenge.

Eureka! You have provided one in the May 13 issue that I would never have thought of. Imagine, a Double-Crostic with definitions keyed to an utterly unrelated diagram. Thanks!

Rudolph I. Bernstein
Tenafly, N.J.

Editor's note: *A corrected version of Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1988 was published in our May 20 issue.*

Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

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An open letter to readers

Norman Cousins

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control—and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale—"cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it—a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat—protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead—the squandering of human resources, far

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of the Saturday Review

more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years. For pre-publication Charter subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

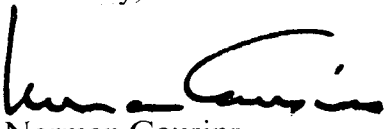
The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need right now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

WORLD: A Review of Ideas, the Creative Arts, and the Human Condition
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Stirling, New Jersey 07980 (Subscription Dept.)

Please enroll me as a Charter Subscriber and bill me later.

☐ $25 for three years ☐ $20 for two years
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Editorial

A Report To the Readers

This is the kind of editorial that every editor dreams of someday having the chance to write. It amounts to a birth announcement. For with this issue, *Saturday Review* introduces a major new section of the magazine—one that all of us have been planning for a great many weeks and herewith bring to life.

No doubt you have already noticed a number of changes. Back in January of this year we introduced *SR*'s basic new concept—the idea of a magazine within a magazine. Since then each issue of *SR* has contained a special-interest supplement, focused on either the arts, education, the society, or science. These supplements have been appearing, in that order, in a regular four-week cycle. Reader response to the supplements has been gratifyingly enthusiastic. Accordingly, we are strengthening them and planning their further expansion.

But what of the rest of *SR*? How, we wondered, could we make it even more compelling and valuable to its readers without duplicating the supplements? We concluded that the weekly portion of *SR* would best serve its readers if it performed two distinct functions: 1) As a weekly magazine, it should include articles that have immediacy yet go beyond daily journalism in helping readers to come to grips with the more important events and issues of the week. 2) *Saturday Review* ought to review, not merely preserving but building upon its heritage as a magazine deeply concerned with literature and the performing arts.

Accordingly, we have divided the weekly magazine into SR/UP FRONT and SR/REVIEWS. The first of these sections, SR/UP FRONT, normally will consist of three or four relatively short articles appearing at the beginning of the magazine and illuminating major issues by spotlighting a particular personality, scene, or event—discovering the world through microcosms. The second section, SR/REVIEWS, will appear in the back of the magazine and will feature our regular critical commentary on books, films, theater, music, and travel.

To make room for SR/UP FRONT, we have had to discontinue a number of traditional features. As of this issue, the columns by Goodman Ace, Cleveland Amory, John Ciardi, and Robert Lewis Shayon no longer appear. Martin Levin's "Phoenix Nest" appears on page 69, but it, too, will eventually be discontinued.

We are not losing the above-mentioned columnists as occasional contributors to our pages. Cleveland Amory spoke for all of *SR*'s columnists when he wrote in his concluding "Trade Winds": "It's *au revoir* rather than goodbye inasmuch as we will, from time to time, be writing reviews and articles [for *SR*]." Nonetheless, the decision to give up these columns, which have long imparted distinction to *SR*, was a difficult one for us to make.

What finally convinced us to discontinue the columns in favor of SR/UP FRONT was our belief that the complexities and fascinations of the contemporary world are better dealt with by investigative reporting and analysis than by more leisurely personal comment. Furthermore, we believe that such reporting can best be accomplished by a wide and far-flung circle of contributors.

Take this week's SR/UP FRONT. Its contributors had to be where the action was throughout the world. Richard Williams, for example, was on the island of Guam, where he interviewed an American B-52 pilot currently making bomb runs over North and South Vietnam. Peter Andrews asked detectives in the New York City Police Department where it was easiest to purchase a handgun, such as the snub-nosed .38 with which Arthur Bremer allegedly shot George Wallace. He was referred to a store "just around the corner" from the Department of Justice in Washington, D.C.

These authors and the topics we asked them to write about illustrate what may be expected of SR/UP FRONT in the future. Dick Williams is a young UPI reporter with the gift of letting his subject—in the present case an air force captain—ramble on about such things as munching blueberry pie while dropping bombs on an unseen "enemy" nearly ten miles below. The resulting portrait tells us much about the eerily depersonalized warfare that the United States is waging.

To make vivid the casualness with which guns are bought and sold in the United States today, Peter Andrews, a well-known freelance writer, spent a day in a gun store. His report is chilling, and merely by implication it makes a strong case for effective gun-control legislation.

Robert Sherrill is another well-known freelancer, who also serves as Washington correspondent for *The Nation*. At a time when most political reporters were chronicling the fierce in-fighting among the Democrats, Bob strolled "across the street" to see how the Republicans were doing. He did not find President Nixon's right-wing opponent, Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio, a serious threat. Nevertheless, he warns that, if Ashbrook comes close to winning 20 per cent of the vote in the June 6 California primary, he will carry his campaign to the GOP convention.

Thomas Meehan is a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and a well-known humorist. His wittily written report about the chaotic and often amusing convention held by a group of disaffected New York City journalists illustrates that SR/UP FRONT will not always be sober-faced.

As for SR/REVIEWS, we begin the section with book reviews. This major allocation of editorial space reflects our intention to maintain *SR*'s position as the magazine that devotes more space to literary criticism (and that reviews more books each year) than any other general magazine in the United States. Our new Books Editor, Eliot Fremont-Smith, a former book critic for *The New York Times*, will soon begin to contribute a regular essay to this section. The book reviews will be followed by reports from our regular critics—Arthur Knight on films, Irving Kolodin on music, and on theater, Henry Hewes (who, we are pleased to note, is president of the New York Drama Critics' Circle this year)—plus a travel section that will be the work of a variety of contributors. And finally, of course, the Double-Crostic.

We hope you find the new *SR* stimulating and useful. As always, we will be delighted to hear your reactions, knowing that we can count on *SR*'s readers to tell us exactly what they think.

William H. Honan

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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SR UP FRONT

JUNE 3, 1972

A B-52 Slows Noticeably When the Bomb Bays Open

BY RICHARD R. WILLIAMS

There is a sudden, awesome roar that seems to shake the ground. Then the giant, eerie-looking, swept-wing engine of war begins to roll ever so slowly down the runway. It is one of the seventy-five or so B-52 heavy bombers stationed at Anderson Air Force Base here on the island of Guam that are now regularly employed in the demolition of South Vietnam and, when the President gives the word, North Vietnam. The plane's huge wings, filled with jet fuel and draped with 500-pound bombs, flap ponderously at first and then more rapidly as the 220-ton bomber gathers speed.

The eight jet engines blast deafeningly as the aircraft passes the 4,000-foot marker on the runway. Then the 6,000-foot marker is crossed. Will this monster, with its huge, black tail standing as tall as a five-story building, ever get itself into the air? The B-52 thunders past the 8,000-foot marker, still hugging the earth. Finally, at the 10,000-foot mark, its wings flapping wildly, the enormous airplane sails almost gracefully into the air. It is headed for a target in South Vietnam with a pay load of forty-two 750-pound bombs in its belly and twenty-four 500-pound bombs clinging to its wings.

At the controls is a thirty-year-old Texan named Robert E. Gill. A lean six-footer, Captain Gill has crew-cut hair and intense eyes that dart nervously as he speaks. He has been a bomber pilot for only a year but is already an old hand at this business. He settles down in his seat, from which he will not stir for more than twelve hours.

Gill appears relieved; the initial pressure is off. "I'm not surprised we got off the ground, but sometimes I wonder if we're going to make it," he remarks. "This airplane is about seventeen or eighteen years old, and there're all sorts of crazy squeaks, groans, grunts, and vibrations that express her age."

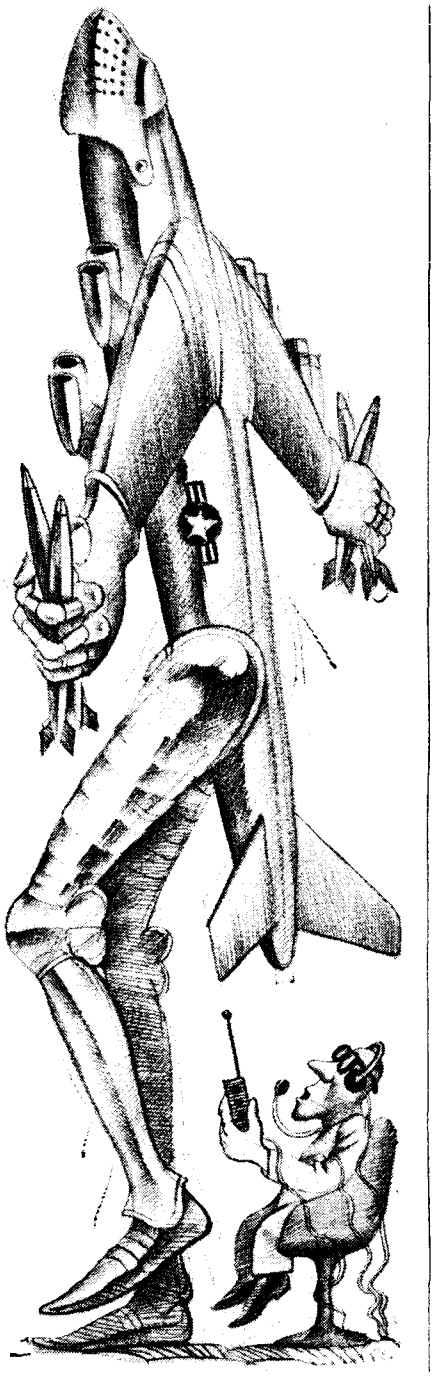
Gill is not exaggerating. The outside skin of his airplane is rippled almost like a washboard. "If *you* had the loads stuck in your belly and hanging from your arms that this old bird has, you would be marked with wrinkles, too," the pilot explains with a wry chuckle.

The feeling of relief among Gill and his four fellow crewmen is short-lived. It is time for the mid-air fueling operation. Fueling while in the air is necessary because these big bombers cannot take off efficiently with both a full load of bombs and a full load of fuel. Gill maneuvers his ship toward the swinging boom of an airborne KC-135 tanker.

As soon as the bomber separates from the tanker, Gill brings his plane into formation with two other B-52s, making up what is known as a "cell." Cells of various sizes, usually consisting of three or six B-52s, are composed and assigned to missions depending on the size of the target that has been selected for destruction.

This cell of bombers will not be over its target for another six hours. "I can't sleep on an airplane," Gill says. "There are just too damned many things to watch for and listen for." Throughout the flight Gill must keep a sharp eye on the turn-and-bank indicator, the air-speed gauge, and the altimeter as well as listen to and analyze weather reports from the navigator and other reports about the target and possible enemy activity from the radar operator.

Then, finally, after hours of tinkering with the controls of the aircraft, Gill hears the navigator sing out, "We are approaching assigned target area." Shortly, the navigator launches into a series of detailed instructions to guide the bomber directly over its target.



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"Turn right ten degrees. Hold your present altitude and decrease air speed five knots."

"Roger."

"Radar navigator to pilot, hold her steady, Skipper."

"Okay."

Then the radar navigator presses a button to open the bomb-bay doors, and at that moment a computer takes charge of the mission. The crew feels a pronounced decrease in air speed when the bomb-bay doors open automatically but otherwise have no sensation of what is taking place. "There are no vibrations, no jumps or bounces of the airplane when the bombs leave," Gill explains. "It's not like in *12 O'Clock High,* when the old B-29s would jump up and down as the bombs left the plane. We can't even see into the bomb bays."

The B-52 carries its load of 750-pound bombs in a compartment sealed off from the cockpit. If the bomb bay *did* open into the cockpit, the crew would be sucked out of the plane as soon as the bomb-bay doors were opened, because the cabin is pressurized and the plane unloads its bombs from an altitude of 50,000 feet.

"Sometimes we see something below, and sometimes we don't," says Gill. "The only way we know the bombs are dropping is that the radar-nav tells us so. And he is told by an instrument. Sometimes, if I have the inclination to look, I might see some dropping off the left wing."

The cell of B-52s is flying in a tight formation as the bombs are released. The object, of course, is to shed them in a dense pattern. In a typical six-plane mission, for example, 150 tons of explosives are distributed over a one-and-a-half-square-mile rectangle. When the bombs explode, the blasts create a pressure exceeding three pounds per square inch throughout this entire area. And that is lethal. For comparison, the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima saturated six square miles—only four times the area covered by a B-52 bombing sortie—with three pounds per square inch of pressure.

The robotlike computer flying the aircraft during its bomb run signals with a light to the radar navigator that the pay load has been dropped, and the bay doors are automatically closed. Again suddenly, the crew feels the air speed pick up because the plane has become streamlined once more—and forty tons lighter.

"It's always a relief to know the mission is completed, and we're on our way back home," says Gill laconically. "But as far as emotions are concerned, frankly, I never have time to think. We never know what damage we have caused until maybe three or four days later. And even then we don't know if it's our crew that caused the damage. There are two other planes in the cell, and the report covers the entire mission, not any single airplane.

"Of course, we *hope* we hit something. After all, that's our job. We have put in more than twelve hours in the air, plus some tense moments on take-off and in refueling, and a couple of hours in briefings before the take-off. So, with that much time and effort put into something, you hope you did some good.

"But I don't get emotional or excited about it one way or the other," he continues dryly. "It's a job, one I have chosen for myself—and I work hard at it. I don't think of anything else. I don't think about the possibility of death. I don't think about the SAM missiles. I don't think about being captured. In fact, I don't even consider the possibility of being shot down.

"Five years ago I was a fighter pilot, flying against targets in North Vietnam. I was closer to the war then and, sure, I used to think. I used to think quite a bit. But my thoughts were about survival, staying alive, about doing my job.

"Do I miss my family? Hell, yes. I miss them more than I can describe to you. My son was born January fifth, and I left home on February twenty-first.

"Am I ever apprehensive? Sometimes, yes. But the only time I'm scared is on take-off. As I said before, it's an old bird we're flying. Sometimes I get the feeling that I can look back through the fuselage and see twenty thousand slaves pulling at the oars.

"Oh, she'll take off okay if you have enough runway. As long as the engines are roaring, she'll eventually climb into the air. But it's the 'enough runway' that worries me sometimes.

"And the night take-offs. Man, that's something else. It's like telling a ghost story. There are all kinds of sounds that are magnified. And ghostly colored lights inside and outside the airplane. A night take-off is like putting a black-painted fish bowl over your head.

"There's no real way of describing the take-off—my feelings, my thoughts, my emotions. We know that at the end of the 12,000-foot runway there are 650-foot cliffs that drop straight down into the Pacific.

"We know that either we're going to get off or we're not. It's that simple. There are only two things that can happen once we gain the ground speed where we can't stop this monster that's loaded with enough explosives to—well, enough, that's all, just enough. We either make it or we don't."

Two bombers have been lost at Anderson Air Force Base in the past three years when they failed to lift off the ground. There were no survivors from either crash. Five years ago two B-52s were lost when they collided in mid-air shortly after a refueling operation. There were no survivors that time either.

"On the return flight we are naturally a bit more relaxed," Gill goes on to say. "But there are still systems to monitor continuously. I'm not much of an eater on an airplane, but the crew has a chance to pop in the oven a TV dinner or a frozen blueberry pie that someone picked up at the base commissary.

"Even though the landing is always a critical stage of any flight, I have a great deal more confidence at that point than I have on take-off. For one thing, there are no deadly weapons hanging from my wings or nestled in my belly."

And what about after the mission is over? "We don't sit around the BOQ or the officers' club and rehash the missions or talk about the merits of the conflict," he says. "We don't talk shop. We usually don't have time, and we're usually too damned tired to talk about war." □

God Save the Queen—from the French Press

The popular French press has an altogether weird infatuation with Queen Bess of Great Britain. To drive home that point and perhaps shame his countrymen for their silliness as well, Jean Marcilly, the former editor-in-chief of *France Dimanche,* has made the following tabulation:

Since 1958 the French press has reported that the Queen's life has been threatened twenty-nine times. She's taken the pill eleven times and still wound up with ninety-two pregnancies and nine miscarriages. The poor thing has had 149 accidents, forty-three "unhappy nights," and twenty-seven nightmares, and on no fewer than thirty-two occasions has come close to a nervous breakdown. She's been "fed up" 112 times and has "outright abdicated" sixty-three times. She almost broke up with Prince Philip seventy-three times. She's been rude to Princess Grace of Monaco on six occasions and to the Queen of Persia on eleven. And she's ejected Lord Snowdon from court 151 times.

Considering all this, Americans will breathe a sigh of relief to learn that the French press takes almost no notice whatsoever of Richard M. Nixon. □

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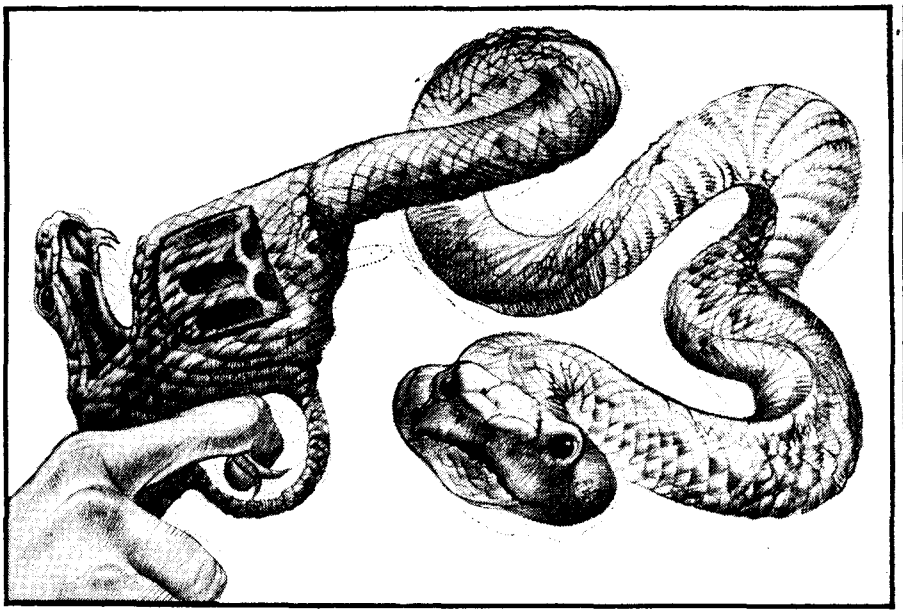

A Day in a Gun Store

BY PETER ANDREWS

Rifles and shotguns, secured with silvery chains running through the trigger housings, are stacked on counters along the walls. Glass cases display forty-eight different models of handguns, from used derringers to brand-new .375 police specials. On the wall there is a fake-wood plaque bearing the words of the Second Amendment in white letters:

> A WELL-REGULATED MILITIA BEING NECESSARY TO THE SECURITY OF A FREE STATE, THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS SHALL NOT BE ABRIDGED.

I have come to the Atlas Sports Store here in Washington, D.C., because I wanted to find a "good" gun store—not the sleazy sort frequented by truck drivers with phony ID cards who come this way to pick up "junk guns" costing $15 or $20 apiece, which they then resell in Harlem for three times the price. No, I wanted to spend a day in a store that sticks to the letter of the Federal Gun Control Act of 1968, to see who comes and goes, to discover what they seem to be looking for, and what they buy—and what their motives are. I wanted to find out how convenient our laws make it for someone who has a mind to buy the tool to make a mockery of American political life.

The Atlas Sports Store was a fine choice. The local police, I was told, purchase their guns here. Indeed, the store is just around the corner from the U.S. Department of Justice! Although business here is scrupulously legal, this is, of course, as good a place as any to purchase what Senator Birch Bayh has called "these vicious weapons which have no legitimate use." He was referring, of course, to snub-nosed or readily concealable revolvers such as the Charter Arms .38 with which Arthur Bremer is alleged to have shot Governor George C. Wallace and three other persons.

At the Atlas Sports Store you start by choosing your weapon. Then you fill out a simple form at the counter. You have to put down a deposit, and your gun is reserved for you while the local police verify the declarations on your application. They fingerprint you and then check to see that you are over twenty-one and a legal resident of Washington, D.C., that you have not been dishonorably discharged from the service, are not a fugitive, a dope addict, or an illegal alien, that you have not been convicted of a felony or are under indictment for one, and that you are not certifiably crazy. It takes about four weeks.

Customers have been coming in all morning, about one every fifteen minutes. Most of them approach the counters with the quiet, somewhat formal air teen-agers used to adopt when buying prophylactics.

A middle-aged businessman in a gray Glen-plaid suit, with a belly just starting to show under his belt, comes in shortly after ten in the morning. He plays at old army talk with one of the clerks for a while. They agree that the M-1 was a very good weapon whereas the M-16 the army is using these days is a piece of junk. The old carbine couldn't hit much, but it was light, and you didn't have to break your back lugging it around. The .45 automatic put out a slug that went end over end and was only good for blowing your foot off.

This is all standard stuff that veterans talk about when they meet at a bar and can't think of anything else to say but want to prove they were there. The clerk has heard it all before and waits for the businessman to get to the point. The man peers into the glass counter, saying he's looking "for something to use around the house." He points to a nickel-plated .22 revolver. He says he is worried about intruders.

"That's too small," says the clerk. "You don't want to play games with an intruder."

"What about that one?" asks the businessman, pointing to a huge, black revolver with a six-and-a-half-inch barrel.

"That's a .357."

"My God, it's an ugly-looking thing."

"That depends on how you feel about guns. It's a great sporting weapon."

"What do you hunt with it?"

"Anything you want. This piece has brought down every kind of game there is in North America. You could stop a grizzly bear with this one."

"I don't know . . . That would scare the hell out of my wife. I want something she can use, too."

"Oh, then, that's too big for a woman to handle. You want a .32."

"Where are those?"

"Here's one we kiddingly call a Saturday Night Special," says the clerk picking out a short-snouted revolver. Priced at $49.95, it is the cheapest unused handgun in the store.

"The parts are made in Germany and then put together down in Florida," the clerk explains.

The businessman asks if there are any other .32 caliber revolvers of better quality in stock.

"We'll have some more in two or three weeks. We can't keep them in stock. They come in and go right out."

"Can't you order any?"

"No, the demand is too great. We just have to take what they send us."

"I'll think about it," says the executive as he walks out.

A heavy-set black man in overalls, who was standing nearby examining a telescopic sight for his hunting rifle, looks after the white man. "A revolver is one kind of gun I'd never buy. That's only good for shooting *people*," he says to no one in particular.

A little later a young man in a red-striped sport shirt and with a fruit-flavored cigar in his mouth comes in with a friend on their lunch break to pick up a pistol he has reserved. He shows the clerk his police permit, pays the rest of his money, and buys a box of cartridges.

"What you gonna shoot with that thing, anyway?" his friend asks.

"Anything I can hit, sweetheart. Any-

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thing I can hit." They both laugh.

After lunch a lady of about thirty appears in the store. She is short with close-cropped hair and wears no make-up.

"I have never had occasion to use a weapon of any kind," she says to a tall, rather solemn, young black clerk. She chooses her words with extra care, as if explaining a difficult recipe to a new cook. She flips out the cylinder of a snub-nosed .38 police special, twirling it a few times and snapping it back in place. She holds out the gun, cocks her head, and sights down the barrel girlishly.

"We have a small place out in the country in Virginia," she explains, adding that she wants something with which to protect herself from animals.

The clerk suggests a .22.

"Is that powerful enough?"

"Oh, yes. With a piece like the one you have now it wouldn't be too easy to hit much at any distance. You want something that has more accuracy."

"If I'm running away from someone, could I turn and stop him with a .22?"

"There aren't many animals in Virginia you wouldn't be able to stop with one."

A lanky, young black man, dressed in an outsized, floppy velour cap, two-toned shoes, and work pants cut high over the ankle, is the next customer.

"What's that?" he asks at length.

"That's an automatic."

"They good?"

"It depends on what you want it for."

The clerk looks into the face of the black. "If you don't have too much experience with handguns, you're probably better off with a revolver. There's less chance of jamming."

"O.K. How much's that?" he asks, pointing to the .357 the businessman had looked at earlier in the day.

"That will run you $168."

"That's some bread."

"That's some gun."

After examining several other weapons, he settles on the Saturday Night Special. The clerk pulls out the permit application and begins to take down the required information.

"Occupation?"

"Telephone man."

"How long have you been employed at your present—?"

"They going to check this stuff?"

"Yes."

"Well . . . you better not say that about being a telephone man."

"What do you want to say? Where do you work?"

"D.C. Library."

"You a librarian?"

"Janitor."

"How long have you been employed at your present occupation?"

"They *really* check all this stuff?"

"They really do."

"Three months."

The clerk asks him where he lives. After the young man thinks for a long time, he gives an address in the southeast part of the city.

"Reason for wanting to purchase a revolver?"

No answer.

"Home protection?" the clerk offers.

"That's right, home protection."

The young man counts out $13. "I'll be back."

"It'll be ready." □

Why John Ashbrook Is Running for President of the United States

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

A December issue of *National Review* had a number of jingles on the cover that were cutely identified as being from "Richard Nixon's Christmas Song Book." A version of "White Christmas" opened with the lines:

I'm dreaming of a new ball game
With every Right-wing nut I slight,
Where the Galbraiths praise me
And Mills obeys me
And Spock is suddenly polite. . . ."

For the holiday season only, the right-wing intellectuals were attempting to smile through their tears; for months they had felt—and they still feel—that Nixon betrayed them by going soft on deficit spending, soft on welfare, soft on the armaments race with Russia, and, perhaps worst of all, soft on Communist China. Their once-beloved leader now was viewed as a surrealistic marshmallow, and, to top it off, he was imperiling The Cause. As one right-wing leader put it, "The conservative movement may be in danger of dying under Richard Nixon —he seems to get away with things with the Republican rank and file that no one else can."

The feeling of betrayal, coupled with the fear that the two-party system might be moving toward the condition often described by George Wallace ("not a dime's worth of difference between them"), resulted in the phenomenon of John Ashbrook, presidential candidate.

Until now, Ashbrook has aspired to be nothing higher than congressman from the Seventeenth District of Ohio, a job he has successfully filled for eleven years. He is also a lawyer and the publisher of the weekly *Johnstown Independent* of Johnstown, Ohio, population 3,208. He does not strike one as a heavyweight politician or a party rebel; he is sandy-haired, blue-eyed, pleasantly open and candid about most things, and there is still a touch of the lanky collegian about him, although he is forty-three years old and two decades beyond his Harvard undergraduate days.

But those who know Ashbrook say he can be very, very tough. His friends call him a man of inflexible, high principles; his enemies call him cramped and narrow-minded. In either case, he does not sound as if he is running in a friendly spirit. He was responsible for the only two votes cast for Nixon out of the Ohio delegation in 1968 (the rest were held by Governor James Rhodes as "favorite son"); but now that he has turned on Nixon, he has turned completely.

"Here's the Nixon who told us in '68 that anyone who says the Cold War is over is threatening the security of the country," Ashbrook says with a heavy note of disgust. "I'd like for somebody to get up in a news conference and ask him if he still feels that Communism is a threat. I don't think he looks upon domestic Communism as a threat, and I doubt if he thinks international Communism is a threat."

Ashbrook totally discounts the idea that, if re-elected, Nixon would be free to take up a more conservative role. "That's the biggest myth in the cloakroom," says Ashbrook. "The two most discussed questions in the congressional cloakrooms are: Is Richard Nixon a captive of his advisers? If he gets a second term, won't he be more conservative?

"I don't think there's any substance to either question. I think we are seeing the true Nixon now. My friends think I'm naïve. They think I don't know the difference between rhetoric and commitment. I *know* the difference. Every GOP platform since 1952 has said we are going to reverse spending, to seek armed superiority, to fight Communism, et cetera, and when the candidate agrees with those positions, and runs on them, I don't look upon that as rhetoric. That's supposed to be commitment. Nixon hasn't got it."

Ashbrook went to Nixon privately and tried to get him to repent, or at least he did during the first two years of this administration. "For instance, early in 1969 I was talking with Nixon about education," says Ashbrook, "and I told him, 'Your first couple of education commissioners were just as liberal as the Democratic commissioners. Why, James Allen was for busing before the people in Indiana and Florida ever heard of it.' I said, 'Why do you get your commissioners out of New York? Why not the Mid-

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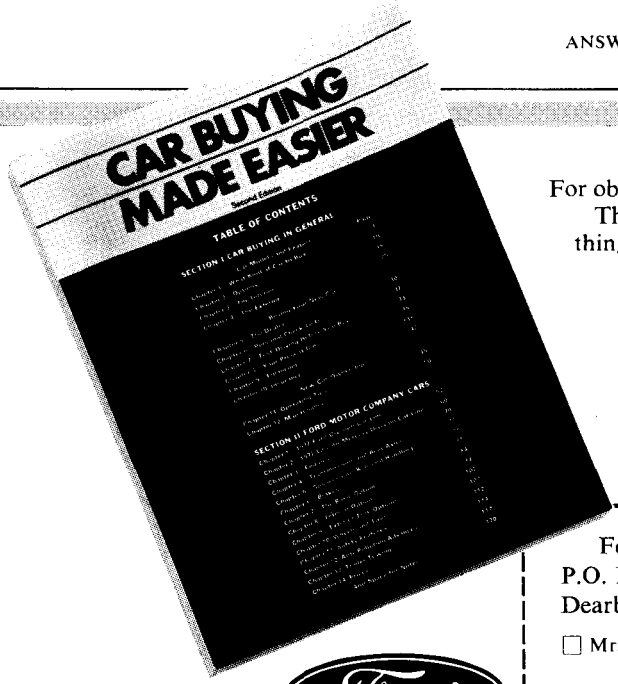
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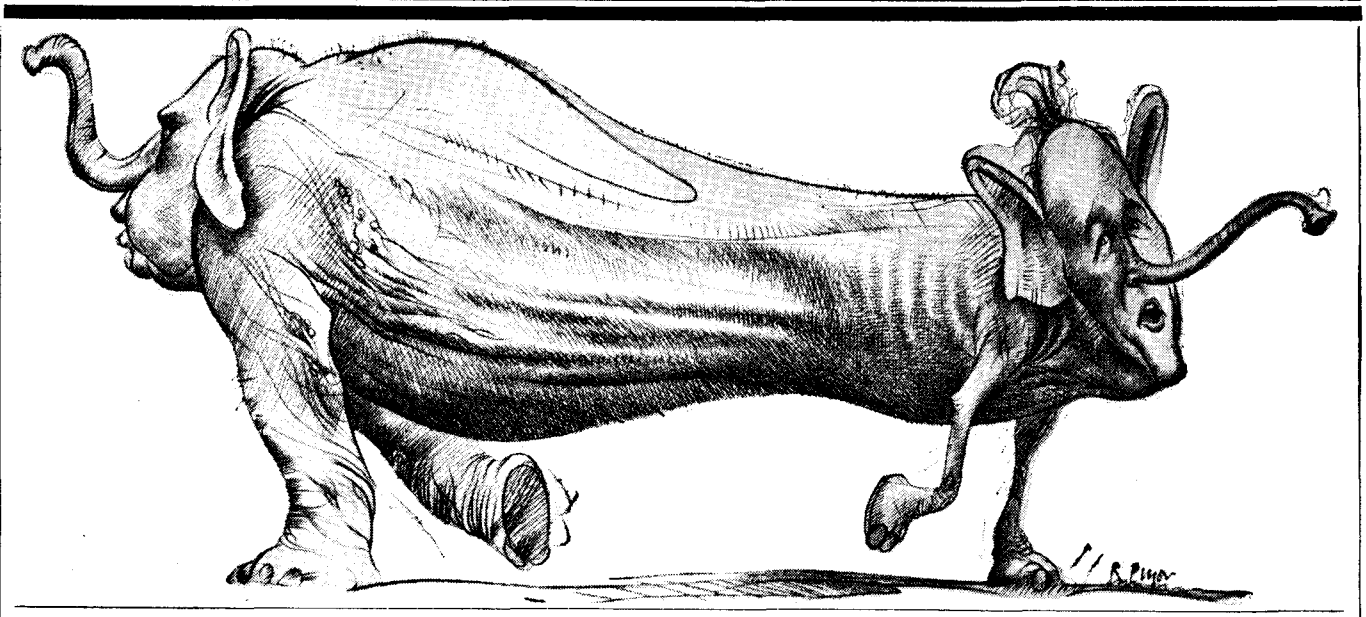

west or the Southwest?' He was nonplused. The thing about Nixon is that he likes to hear complaints, and then he'll turn to somebody and say, 'Look into that.' But nothing ever happens. Everybody who talks with Nixon comes away thinking he agrees with them." Ashbrook quit trying the personal appeal.

Why the "new" Nixon? Well, "He didn't change because of the Democrats or the doves. I think he changed because he is pragmatic. The operating bedrock philosophy of Nixon, the selling point he makes to Republicans, is, 'You've got nowhere else to go.' He tells the Republicans what FDR told the South in the 1930s. 'You've got nowhere else to go.' So Nixon said to himself, 'I have most of the conservative leaders locked with me anyway, so I can take the Democratic game plan away from the other side,' and he went leapfrogging over the Democrats. Basically, he is a pragmatist."

Viewing unpredictable pragmatism as an evil second only to liberalism, Ashbrook was thereby motivated to carry the banner of right-wing conservatism into the primaries.

The result was not impressive. In 1964 Barry Goldwater won 104,029 votes in the New Hampshire general election. But only about 11,000 New Hampshire folks turned out for Ashbrook in the primary, giving him less than 10 per cent of the total (or about half the vote given Congressman Paul N. McCloskey, who was attacking Nixon from the Left).

In Florida Ashbrook received 9 per cent of the vote (twice what McCloskey got), and while that equaled the strength of Senator Edmund Muskie among Democrats, it hardly suggested a great right-wing insurgency. To say that these scores were disappointing to Ashbrook and his supporters is putting it mildly; before the Florida primary he said that if he received less than 10 per cent of the vote in Florida it would probably wipe him out. Today he says he can't remember that dire prediction; in any event, he is pushing ahead and speaking more militantly all the time, as he prepares for the big showdown in the California primary on June 6.

Democratic liberals who look upon President Nixon as a very conservative fellow may find it difficult to understand why a dozen top right-wing intellectuals, meeting in the New York City home of editor-writer-millionaire William Buckley one night last August, agreed they must thereupon "suspend support" of Richard Nixon unless he forthwith repented his liberal heresies—heresies that permitted New York columnist James Reston to sneer at Nixon's "rubbery flexibility" and some anonymous *New York Times* editorial writer to dig his elbow into the right-wing ribs with the observation that "after the Nixon administration's record, Republican candidates can no longer inveigh against big government, budget deficits, government subsidies, or federal regulation of the economy." (Ashbrook hands out Xerox copies of these remarks wholesale.)

When Nixon not only did not repent but hardly seemed to have noticed their defection, the "Manhattan Twelve" reconvened in December to announce that they would seek a candidate to oppose him—not to "dump" him, for they had no such hopes, but merely to humble Nixon with enough conservative opposition during the primaries that he would see the error of his ways and swing right again.

They wanted Buckley to be their candidate, but he demurred. And since the standard big-name conservatives—Goldwater, Tower, Reagan—were staunchly remaining loyal to Nixon, the band of rebels had to turn to one whom the national press has constantly identified as an "unknown": John Ashbrook.

Actually, to devotees on the Right, Ashbrook is quite well known. For twenty years he has been a big man in the Young Americans for Freedom; he is on the steering committee of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China; he was one of the founders of the American Conservative Union. In a popularity poll of the Conservative Book Club's 31,000 members, Ashbrook ranked just behind Goldwater, Reagan, Tower, and William Buckley in a list of ninety-five names.

These vouchsafed credentials underscore the fact that Ashbrook has always had what the right wing considers impeccable taste and instincts. In moments when the whole nation was choked with emotion, Ashbrook maintained self-control. After the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., for example, he stepped quickly forward and reminded his colleagues in the House that they "should not let the emotionalism of his tragic death obscure fundamental issues. Much of the lawlessness that we have with us today can be traced to Dr. King, who advocated the notion that the individual can take the law into his own hands when he does not agree with it."

After the slaying of four Kent State students by National Guard troops in 1970, Ashbrook once again used the occasion to instruct his colleagues that "it just is not accurate to refer to 'innocent victims.' " He reasoned that, "even if the four killed were not throwing bottles or hurling obscenities," they shouldn't have been there. Since they were standing around watching, it was clear they were either "duped, stupid, foolish, unfortunate, cynical, or dedicated revolutionaries; one of these descriptive adjectives or a score of other ones might fit them individually, but certainly not the word 'innocent.' "

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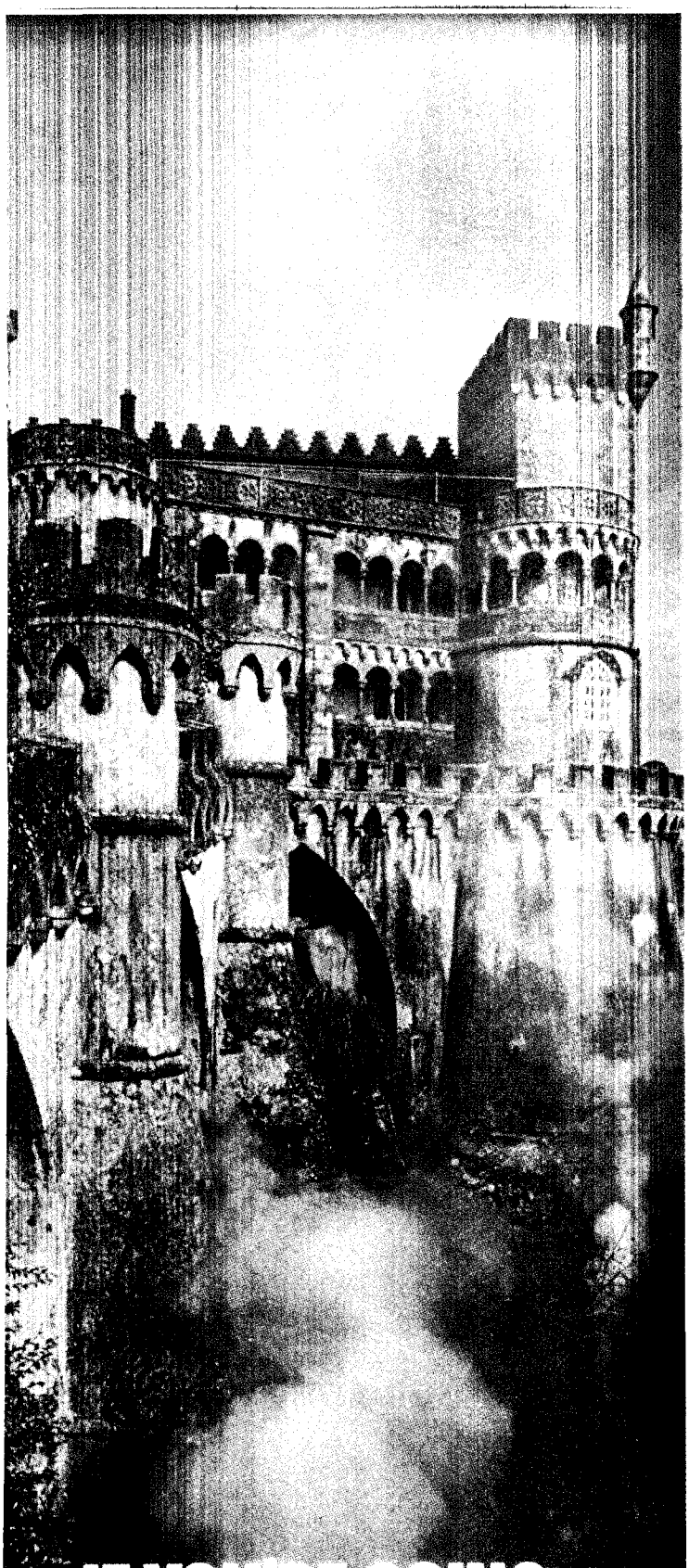

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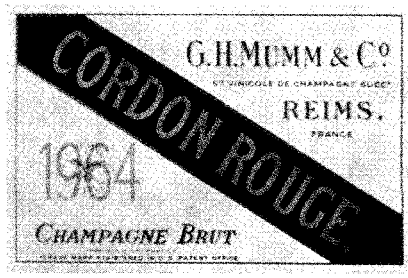

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Ashbrook once made an eloquent appeal to the House not to denigrate as "extremists" those people who believe that the income tax is "the heart of socializing our country through the back door" (a theory that Ashbrook heartily agrees with); and when another congressman asked him if he would accept support from the John Birch Society, he replied, "I do not shun people because they may happen to belong to an organization."

Unfortunately, Ashbrook's tolerance for ideas and organizations ends well to the right of center. All others he has denounced at some time or another as some species of extremism. As for taboo organizations, Ashbrook, in his position as the fervent ranking Republican on the House Internal Security Committee, has helped make up an almost interminable list of left-wing organizations whose members should be shunned.

In addition to thinking right, Ashbrook comes from good, solid American stock. His father, William Ashbrook, founded the *Johnstown Independent* in 1885 and used it as a political springboard that eventually landed him in Congress in 1906, where he stayed until the voters retired him in 1920. He was reelected in 1934 and remained in Congress until his death in 1940. Between father and son, the Ashbrooks have collected the autographed photographs of every President since McKinley—except one, that of John F. Kennedy, which Ashbrook never got around to asking for.

A teetotaling, nonsmoking Baptist, Ashbrook graduated with honors from Harvard, but he successfully resisted being influenced by such teachers as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith, Seymour Harris, and McGeorge Bundy, about all of whom he can speak kindly—but sadly—except Bundy, "because Bundy was more pompous. And besides, he professed to be a Republican. You could at least like Schlesinger and the others."

Long before he was considered to be of presidential caliber, Ashbrook was known among his colleagues for his outspokenness and gall.

There is one illustrative episode, now something of a legend among House conservatives, that Ashbrook is quite pleased to relate on request:

"Several of us were talking to Mel Laird, back when he was a leader in the House in 1968. We asked him why he supported several issues that were offensive to most conservatives. Why, for instance, did he support a guaranteed income? 'Well, Milton Friedman does,' he says, 'and he's a conservative.' We asked him about three or four other things, and each time he gave as his reason that somebody else had advised it or somebody else had supported it. When we asked about why he supported the rat-control money, he said, 'Well, a majority of the Republicans supported it,' and that's when I said, 'Spoken like a true whore.' "

So, to those who knew Ashbrook best, it was not surprising to see him become in 1971 the most outspoken Republican critic of the Nixon administration. The climax of his criticism peaked on December 15 in a speech that has since become a standard text in right-wing circles. He acknowledged that Nixon's appointments to the Supreme Court "are Exhibit A in the argument that conservatives should support the President," but went on to say, "Unfortunately, Exhibit B is hard to come up with."

Two weeks later, accusing Nixon of having welshed on just about every 1968 campaign promise, he accepted the Manhattan Twelve's draft and announced his candidacy. He denied that he was "a spoiler," but said he felt that "many Americans—and certainly many New Hampshire and Florida Republicans, for example—would welcome the opportunity to remind Richard Nixon of the solemn promises he made during the campaign and of the very deep concerns of the people who put him in the White House in the first place."

Ashbrook—and Buckley and his traditional coterie—guessed wrong. From the right-wing political leadership there was mostly a disapproving silence.

Ashbrook tried to stir them up, but they were unstirrable. "I talked to Goldwater, Tower, et cetera, before I ran," he says. "The only thing they said was, 'What's the alternative? You want Teddy Kennedy?' I talked to one of the leading GOP senators—I won't embarrass him by naming him—and he mentioned six specific times on six specific issues when he had gone to Nixon and put across the conservative position. He was trying to persuade me of the importance of having Nixon's ear.

"I looked at him coldly and said, 'Yes, and on every one of those issues Nixon did just the opposite of what you advised.'

"My basic complaint about the GOP leaders is that they don't apply the standards to this administration that they have been applying to the Democratic administrations. They have said it was terrible for Walter Heller to advocate a ten-billion-dollar deficit, but they don't think it's terrible when Nixon advocates a forty-billion-dollar deficit. They thought it was terrible when the Democrats imperiled our military preparedness, but they don't think it's terrible when Nixon imperils it."

Except for a few wild hares like William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union-Leader,* who praised him for his willingness "to call a spade a spade and a demagogue a demagogue," Ashbrook went into New Hampshire without much vocal support.

At *Human Events,* whose editors had helped create the rebellion, scribes were happily writing that Ashbrook's candidacy would send "additional tremors through the White House," but Ashbrook indicates that this was wishful thinking. "Nixon didn't try to keep me from running, nor did anybody close to him," he says. "Mitchell called me, but he didn't try to put on any pressure."

Ashbrook's supporters were claiming auxiliary victories even before the first primary. They felt Nixon's veto of child-development legislation, shortly after Ashbrook's candidacy was predicted, was a tip of the hat to the Right. They also believed that Nixon's almost-endorsement of Vice President Agnew as his running mate (in an interview with CBS commentator Dan Rather, the President said, "My view is that one should not break up a winning combination") was prompted by the right-wing rebellion, and they even gave Ashbrook credit for forcing Nixon to show a fresh interest in a bigger defense budget.

Maybe so. But meanwhile in New Hampshire the electorate hadn't come through, and with that failure everything else seemed to crumble.

"We said if we could get ten to fifteen per cent in New Hampshire," Ashbrook recalled in a recent interview, "we could broaden that to twenty-five per cent in Florida, and that would give us enough momentum to put us in the running in a number of other primaries—New Mexico, Tennessee, Wisconsin, as well as Indiana and California. The fact that we didn't do as well as we wanted to do has meant limiting the primary races to New Hampshire, Florida, and California."

Most important of all, the right-wing money sources became even stingier after the New Hampshire flop. Ashbrook insists, "There's no one who said he would support us who hasn't delivered. There are people who might have but didn't. But nobody welshed." That isn't the story from the *Human Events* editors, however, and they have been close to all of Ashbrook's campaign. They say that "a number of money men, in Texas and California, for instance, urged Representative Ashbrook to make the race but then suddenly closed their pocketbooks once they realized their social status or their standing within the Republican party and with the administration might drop." McCloskey, they say, had nine times more $5,000-and-up contributors than Ashbrook had. Several weeks after the Florida primary, Ashbrook said he still had spent a total of less than $130,-

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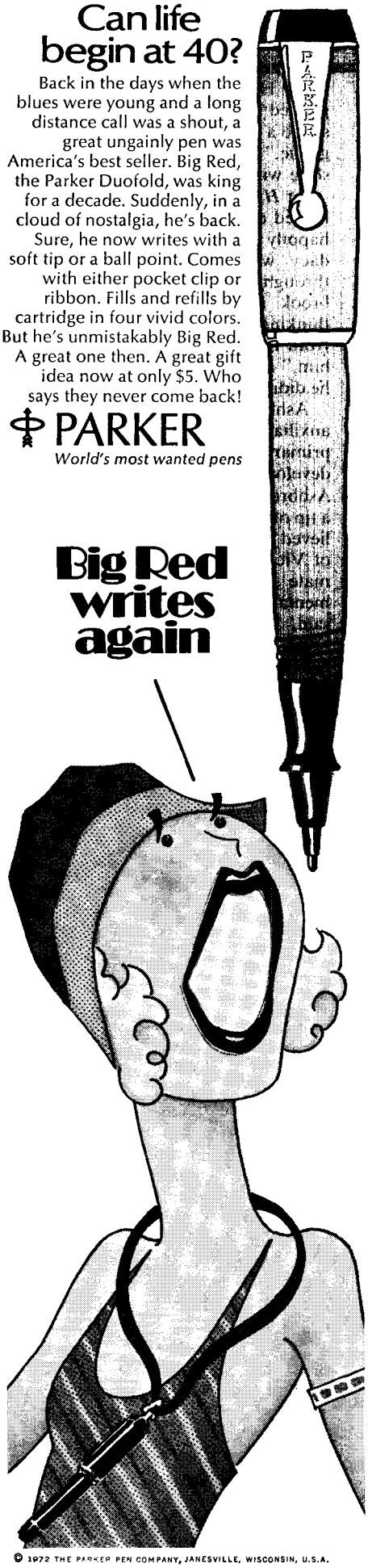

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000. Hubert Humphrey was already *in debt* for more than five times that much.

Ashbrook went into Florida so strapped for funds that he was sharing a hotel room with his p.r. man. He couldn't afford an advance man. He spent between $10,000 and $15,000 for half-a-dozen TV spots, but they stayed in the can. "We couldn't raise any money to put them on the air, so not a one of them saw the light of day in Florida."

Still, he sees a bright side to his poverty. "It works both ways, though," he says cheerfully. "One thing about mailing several million pieces of mail out: It stops a lot of people from giving to Nixon, too."

Money is as important to a right-wing candidate as to one of any other bent, but it is less necessary in California, which swarms with eager right-wing volunteers. Therefore, Ashbrook's hopes are high when he looks West. Nixon's advisers try to belittle the threat; Robert Finch, former lieutenant governor of California and one of Nixon's chief strategists for that state, insists that Ashbrook will get no more than 12 or 15 per cent of the vote in the right-wing enclaves and less than that percentage in the state as a whole. Ashbrook disagrees.

"We expect to get twenty per cent and up in California. On kickoff occasions—dinners, luncheons—we got a turnout of three hundred in San Diego, five hundred fifty in San Francisco, four hundred in Los Angeles. California could change the whole thing. If we do well there, it would challenge the credibility of Nixon, the credibility of his chances to be re-elected. If we got thirty per cent, we would make a lot of joints start creaking across the country."

And no matter what happy noises his advisers make in public, Nixon seems to agree that Ashbrook is not to be trifled with in California. To get the endorsement of the California Republican Assembly—a group representing 12,000 conservative Republicans—Nixon sent in some of his big guns, including Reagan and Agnew, and Goldwater followed with a telegram urging loyalty to the Chief. Pressures from the White House got so heavy that the CRA leadership at first refused to let Ashbrook address the convention, and they finally did so reluctantly, only because he sat down on the platform and refused to get up until he was allowed to speak.

Even so, Nixon barely got the two-thirds vote he needed for CRA endorsement, and, as Ashbrook's aide likes to point out, the delegation representing Nixon's hometown, San Clemente, voted against the President nineteen to five.

So caught up is Ashbrook in the acuteness of the California showdown that he is now talking like the spoiler he once denied being. He started his crusade saying he would probably stop short of the Republican convention, but now he says he wants to take his opposition right onto the convention floor. "Of course," he says, "I'm not a total fool. If we don't make a respectable showing in California, we won't have any base to work from. But if we do"—he pauses to smile like Errol Flynn going over the ship's railing with a cutlass clenched between his teeth—"if we do, there could be some interesting things happening among the delegates." □

The Time Renata Adler Didn't Dump Campbell's Soup on Tom Wolfe's Head

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

Tom Wolfe, the parajournalist, still doesn't know what didn't hit him. That is, he remains unaware of the fact that Renata Adler, the writer for *The New Yorker,* had planned to dump the globby contents of a can of Campbell's soup over his head in front of an audience of nearly a thousand professional and would-be journalists who had assembled for the opening session of the First Annual A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention, a two-day conclave of newspaper and magazine writers that was held not long ago in New York City.

Wolfe and Miss Adler, along with such other celebrities of contemporary journalism as Pauline Kael, Gay Talese, Gail Sheehy, and Calvin Trillin, were members of a panel of magazine writers who had been brought together to discuss the so-called New Journalism. It had been Miss Adler's notion to zap Wolfe with the Warholian can of soup as "a pop gesture" of protest against what she deems to be Wolfe's irresponsible approach to journalism, especially as it evidenced itself in a pair of articles that he wrote in 1966 attacking *The New Yorker.* Sitting directly to Wolfe's left, she had gone so far as to cache a can of soup along with an opener in her purse, but for one reason or another, perhaps because of stage fright, she failed to carry out her plan. And this nonevent, to be forever remembered as The Time That Renata Adler Didn't Dump Campbell's Soup on Tom Wolfe's Head, seemed mysteriously to set the tone for the next

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two days; the counter-convention turned out to be itself something of a nonevent, though its goings-on were often chaotic and amusing.

Each spring, at about the same time that the circus comes to town, the members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association turn up in New York to hold their annual convention. The publishers, of course, are the well-heeled fat cats of the newspaper business, and a few months ago it struck the editors of *More*, a monthly New York review of journalism, that the working stiffs of the business—i.e., those who actually write the newspapers that enable the publishers to spend their winters in Palm Beach, complaining of income taxes and the servant problem—ought to have a convention of their own. So, *More* dreamed up the A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention, which opened on the same day as the ANPA convention, although in a different part of town.

The counter-convention got off on the right foot by naming itself after A. J. Liebling, the late writer for *The New Yorker*. Liebling was unquestionably among the greatest American journalists of the past several decades. And, as a long-time newspaperman before joining *The New Yorker*, he also had a passionate interest in the press. For nearly twenty years—from 1945 until his death late in 1963—writing in a department of *The New Yorker* known as "The Wayward Press," Liebling was virtually the only American journalist who concerned himself with turning out critical pieces about the press. And no one before or since has written so intelligently and amusingly about newspapers.

Joe Liebling, I'm proud to be able to say, was a friend of mine, and as I sat through the sessions of the counter-convention, I found myself frequently wondering what he would have thought of them. I know what he thought of the ANPA convention, for three years before his death, in the May 14, 1960 issue of *The New Yorker*, he had written the following about a typical ANPA gathering: "The New York publishers, through their editorial-page hirelings, welcome their country cousins, usually referred to as 'the newspaper clan' or 'the press family,' and acclaim them as uniformly astute fellows, with their ears to the grass roots beneath every paved street from San Diego, California, to Bangor, Maine, and their fingers on the pulse of the nation. Reporters then go out and ask the fingermen what the pulse says, and the publishers predict a year of unexampled prosperity, accompanied by high costs that preclude a rise in wages. If a national election is coming up, they say that the Republicans will win, and after denouncing the current

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administration (of no matter which party) for withholding information from the press they go off to a series of closed meetings and later dole out releases to reporters, who wait respectfully in the hall between the door and the men's room."

Liebling had little use for newspaper publishers, and often during the counter-convention I sensed his ghost hovering about, for much of the talk during the two-day get-together proved to be bitter complaints by disenchanted reporters about the venality, editorial cowardice, and lack of imagination of the American newspaper publisher. On a typical newspaper, they noted, only about 10 per cent of the budget is spent on editorial costs, while the rest of the money goes into production, advertising, circulation, promotion, and the publisher's pocket.

And editors, including particularly Abe Rosenthal, the managing editor of *The New York Times*, also came in for a good deal of angry criticism, especially from such former *Times* reporters as David Halberstam, J. Anthony Lukas, and Sidney Zion. Accuracy, or the lack of it, in newspaper and magazine writing was another topic that seemed to come up frequently. In the panel on the New Journalism, Gail Sheehy defended the accuracy of the New Journalism efforts that she herself turns out for *New York* and then in the next breath referred to Calvin Trillin, of *The New Yorker*, as Calvin Trilling. Later, on another panel, Gore Vidal spoke of the mistakes that he so often saw in *The New York Times*, which he described as "ten bad newspapers rolled into one." In a story by Murray Schumach about the counter-convention that appeared the next day in the *Times*, Vidal found himself listed as "Bore Vidal." One almost suspects the typo was deliberate.

Aside from such frills as a luncheon, at which Tom Wicker uninspiringly spoke, and an awards ceremony, at which Roger Angell presented I. F. Stone with something called the First A. J. Liebling Award, the counter-convention consisted mainly of a series of ninety-minute panel discussions—fourteen of them in all—and thus often seemed like a nightmare festival of David Susskind shows without David Susskind. The discussions were open for free to the public, and most of them played to overflow crowds in a pair of low-ceilinged auditoriums that seated audiences of around eight hundred. The subjects being discussed ranged from "Why Journalists Leave Daily Newspapers" to sports and campaign coverage, but it's difficult to say whether most of those who turned up to listen to the discussions were genuinely interested in the topics at hand or were instead interested simply in seeing some of the more famous panelists in the flesh. Anyway, there were certainly a number of celebrities on the panels. Perhaps not celebrities in the sense that Jackie Onassis or Teddy Kennedy is a celebrity, but rather writer celebrities who are famous mainly among the readers of New York newspapers and of such magazines as *New York*, *The New Yorker*, and *Esquire*. In any event, besides those I've already mentioned, the panelists included such relatively well-known journalists as Joe McGinniss, Victor Navasky, Leonard Schecter, Jim Bouton, Roger Angell, Dick Schaap, Nat Hentoff, Studs Terkel, Murray Kempton, Paul Krassner, I. F. Stone, Seymour Hersh, and Gloria Steinem, all of whom are at least better known to the public than Stanford Smith, who happens to be the current president of ANPA. At one point, Nora Ephron, who is herself something of a magazine-writer celebrity, was overheard to remark cheerfully that the best thing about the convention was the chance that it gave everyone to see so many famous people. The problem, however, was trying to figure out who was famous and who wasn't, for even some of the most enthusiastic readers of *The Realist*, for example, don't know what Paul Krassner looks like. As a result, scores of those at the convention seemed to spend most of their time peering intently around at others, anxiously wondering whether behind the beard and granny glasses sitting across the aisle from them lurked a semifamous by-line.

No sooner had the counter-convention gotten under way, with the discussion of the New Journalism, than it was stopped in its tracks by a demonstration at the front of the auditorium by a horde of mustachioed young Zippies, who announced themselves to be writers and editors from the so-called underground press. *More*, shouted representatives of such underground newspapers as the New York *Ace* and the *East Village Other*, had discriminated against them by inviting only established writers from Establishment journals to appear on its panels. And, the Zippies emphatically let it be known, they weren't going to let the convention continue unless one of their group was added to each of the panels. The editors of *More* at once gave in to this demand—which proved to be a mistake, for the underground pressmen, creating a counter-counter convention of their own, seemed mainly to be intent on disrupting the discussions with accusations about "copping out," "selling out," and FBI conspiracies against the non-Establishment press.

Any New York gathering that is at once free and open to the public tends inevitably to attract a certain number of publicity seekers who have some special cause to plead, and the counter-convention was no exception. In fact, whenever a panel moderator threw the discussion open to questions from the floor, it was almost invariably one of these special pleaders who grabbed the microphone, ostensibly to ask a question but actually to deliver a lengthy harangue. A shrill-voiced, white-haired woman of sixty-one named Fran Lee kept turning up in the audience at panel after panel to scream for ten minutes or so about a problem on which she was especially hung up. To put it as delicately as possible, as she herself didn't, Mrs. Lee is a crusader against permitting dogs to relieve themselves on city streets, and this obsession —which, of course, never had anything to do with the subject being discussed— was always the main topic of her tirades. Mrs. Lee, however, was scarcely the only one on hand who had a special ax to grind. Almost every panel found itself attacked from the floor by militant Women's Liberationists, who demanded to know why there weren't more women on the panel; by angry blacks, who complained that there were too few blacks on the panel; and by Zippies, who shouted that the panelists were tools of the FBI-CIA-Nixon conspiracy against the underground press. In consequence, one discussion after another wandered away from its supposed subject into a chaos of irrelevancies, and it seemed finally that the audience wouldn't be content until confronted with a panel made up entirely of black women who wrote for the New York *Ace* and who never failed to use pooper-scoopers, when walking their poodles.

I noted earlier that I'd wondered during the convention what A. J. Liebling would have thought of it, and I think that I can confidently say that Joe would have loved it. All of those kids, including even the Zippies of the New York *Ace*, fired up about the doings of the daily press! And as a long-time student of the eccentric, he would have been immensely amused, too, by such types as Mrs. Lee and her one-woman campaign against doggy doo. Moreover, as anyone who ever dropped in on Liebling at *The New Yorker* can attest, he was a great lover of chaos and confusion; his office— which was always stacked high with newspapers—looked like the Collier brothers' apartment. Finally, nothing would have delighted Liebling more than to have put in two days with a crowd of professional journalists who were spending almost all of their time slamming his hated enemy—newspaper publishers. □

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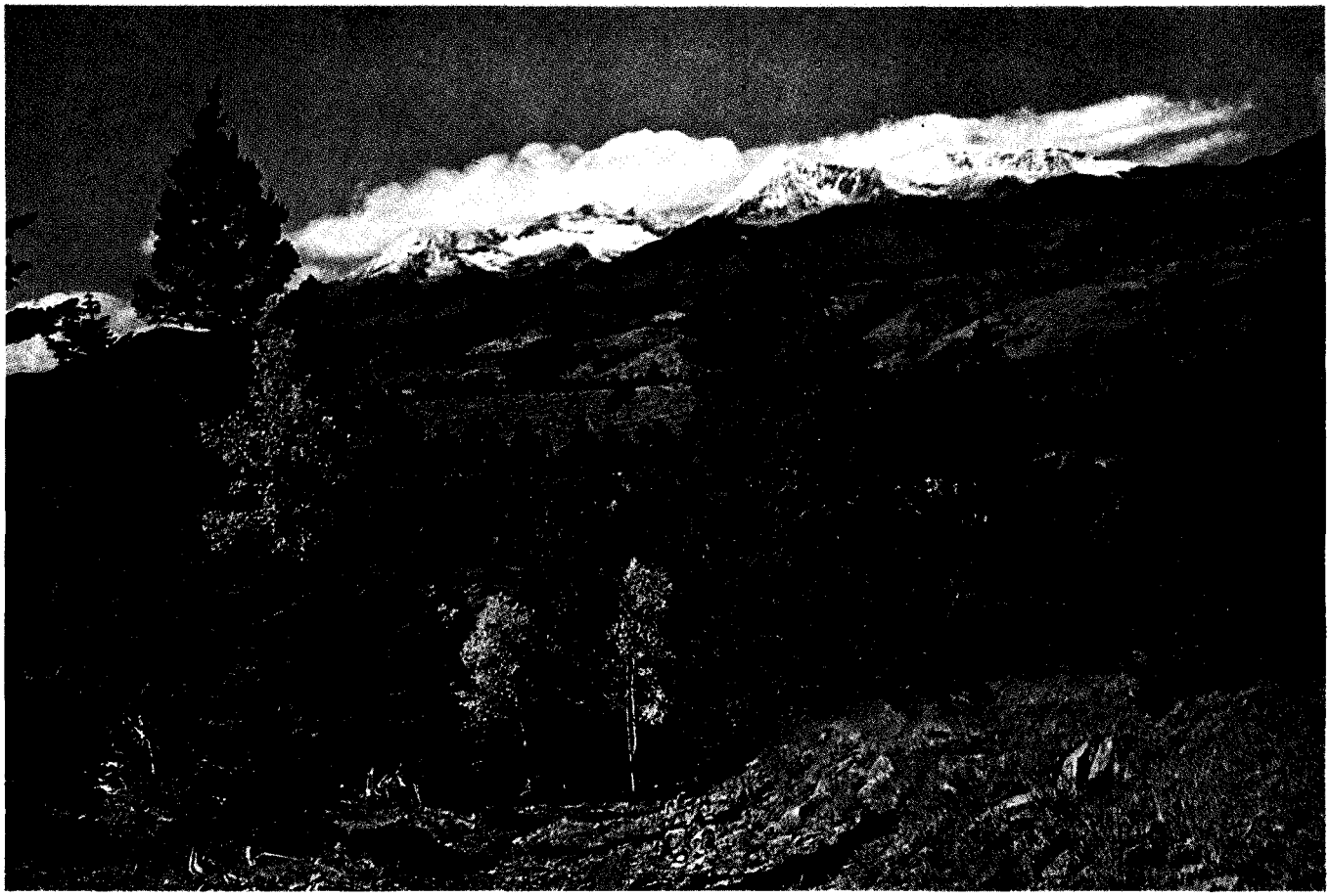

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

SHOWDOWN AT FOUR CORNERS

BY ANTHONY WOLFF

The confrontation is as classic as a movie duel—on one side, the power producers, on the other, defenders of a vanishing American wilderness. So far, the power producers are winning.

Four Corners is the intersection of two imaginary lines in the middle of nowhere—the junction of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. The state borders are etched in straight lines on a stone tablet to mark the spot, but, all around, the desert stretches seamless to the rim of the sky. In this monumental landscape, intricately sculptured by endless wind and rain and time itself, it requires a sinful pride to believe that the hand of man could make more than the most feeble and fleeting alteration. It is a land that suffers man with indifference.

And for nearly as long as white men have known this land, they have prudently returned the indifference. The land had little economic value, anyhow—so little that the westering white man, after taking from the native Navajo everything he had, returned to him this sterile reservation where he could rebuild his hogan, replant his crops, and invite his gods. Then, for a hundred years, the white man turned his back on the Navajo and the land.

So, in the mid-Fifties, no one paid much attention when white men began to poke around in the Indian land near Fruitland, New Mexico, just southeast of Four Corners, making surveys, sampling the earth, measuring the water. Later, few people noticed —and still fewer objected—when giant machines stripped the living blanket of earth from the grave of a primordial forest, piling the spoils in mountainous windrows—as though the Indian gods were tilling the soil—to get at the coal beneath. San Juan River water was diverted to form a 1,275-acre puddle in the arid sand. Roads subdivided the desert, and an army of tall towers rose against the sky, all converging on a huge power plant near Four Corners, huge but inconspicuous against the backdrop of Hogback Mountain. The earth-shattering work went on for years, increasing in intensity, gaining momentum, but provoking no significant public response.

The plant started operations late in 1963. By the following year, Units 1-3 were generating 575,000 kilowatts of electric power for the Arizona Public Service Company. Unit 4, with 755,000 kilowatts, was added in 1969; and its twin, Unit 5, followed in 1970. The total of 2,208,500 kilowatts makes Four Corners the largest coal-burning facility in the United States. To feed its daily appetite for 25,000 tons of low-grade fuel, the adjacent Navajo strip mine has become the country's largest single source of coal.

But it is as a polluter that the plant has attained its greatest stature. Its thirty-story smokestacks, giant cannons aimed at the zenith, continuously erupt a stream of hot, high-velocity gases, piling dirty thunderheads of ash and soot in the bottomless blue sky. As the rising gases cool to ambient temperatures, the smoke flattens out on the wind toward the horizon.

Every day, day in and day out, from 1964 until early this year, the Four Corners plant has spilled an average of 200 to 250 tons of burned-out coal wastes into the pellucid air. In what has become the standard comparison for making sense of such statistics, this one power plant has put out more particulate waste than all sources in the smog-beclouded city of Los Angeles. Three times as much, according to one set of figures, and with an air shed only twice the size of Southern California's to dilute it and with no lack of California-style temperature inversions to contain it.

In the Four Corners area, once celebrated for the Iberian clarity of its sky, visibility has been drastically reduced. One-hundred-mile vistas have been curtained off: Shiprock Peak, the world-famous, 700-foot-high monolith twenty miles to the west of the plant, is veiled in haze. From forty miles and more to the east, high on the slopes of the Continental Divide, the airborne soot can be seen trailing south along the spine of Hogback Mountain. By

Anthony Wolff, a New York freelancer, is the former conservation editor of *American Heritage*. He is associated with the Council on Economic Priorities, whose recent study "The Price of Power" provided some of the data for this article.

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plane, the pall has been detected over an area of thousands of square miles, and the concentrated plume from the plant's stacks has become a landmark beacon for high-flying pilots. In 1966 the Gemini XII astronauts reported that the plume was the only human artifact visible from outer space. (A post-factum analysis sponsored by one of the power companies attributed the phenomenon to the contrails of transcontinental jets.)

While the plant's visible particulate emissions have done the most ugly damage and have provoked the loudest public outcry, the invisible gases escaping from the stacks are far more dangerous. They include 236 tons per day of sulfur dioxide—SO_2—which, even in minute concentrations, attacks vegetation and which combines with water vapor into sulfuric acid that eats away at a variety of materials from nylon to limestone. Nitrogen oxide, acronymed NO_x, is another of the plant's noxious by-products, emitted at the rate of 240 tons per day. NO_x combines with oxygen in the air to become nitrogen dioxide, NO_2, which is transformed by sunlight into peroxacetylnitrate, another plant poison. NO_x is also the key ingredient of photochemical smog.

In addition to their other effects, all three major pollutants from Four Corners have been convincingly indicted as threats to human health and life and are among the five most serious air pollutants certified by the Environmental Protection Agency. The correlation between death rates and pollution has been supported by evidence from Durango, Colorado, sixty miles from the Four Corners smokestacks.

The evidence comes from Dr. Richard H. Geer, a physician practicing child and adolescent medicine in Durango, as well as serving on the staffs of three hospitals and as an instructor at the University of Colorado Medical Center. According to Dr. Geer, his studies show "that the admission rate for acute and chronic respiratory illnesses in children between 1965 and 1970 has doubled." After holding steady for the three preceding years, admissions from this nonsmoking, nongeriatric age group at one of Geer's hospitals surged 25 per cent the first year of Four Corners' operation. They have continued to increase sharply since, even though the area has been losing population and more hospital facilities have been added nearby.

As it has become clear that this scenic corner of America is becoming a showcase for environmental degradation, defenders have mobilized to save the Four Corners region. The first alarm was sounded by local people—white and Indian—against whom the pollution was a direct and unremitting offense. Southwestern environmental groups—regional chapters of the Sierra Club, Friends of the Earth, even Zero Population Growth, and the Central Clearing House in Albuquerque—took up the cause. Black Mesa Defense and the Native American Rights Fund inspired and orchestrated opposition among the Indians. The bad news was transmitted to the national conservation constituency. In newspapers across the country a full-page broadside, sponsored by an alliance of organizations, described the intrusion of the power plants as, in the words of a young Hopi, ". . . ripping apart St. Peter's in order to sell the marble." Today the dirty smoke plume flying over the Four Corners plant marks the epicenter of a far-spreading shock wave, like the mushroom cloud that once rose over nearby Alamogordo.

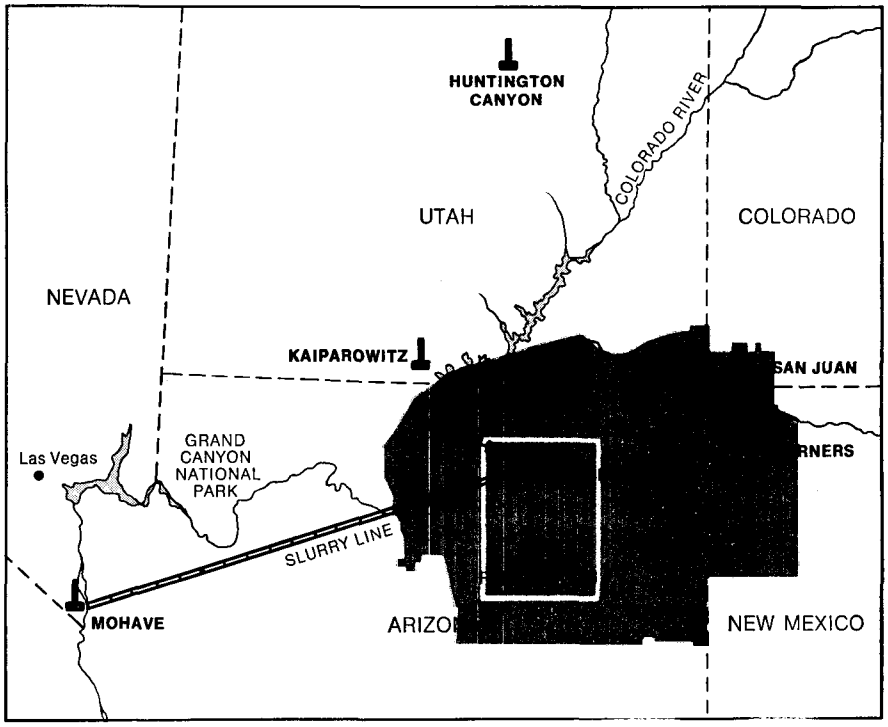
The opposition to Four Corners has enlisted many people who have never been to the southwestern desert, who think that the endless landscape and the big sky are only the setting for Western movies, but who feel that something precious and pure, something that belongs to them, has been violated. In a continental nation fresh out of frontiers, the Southwest has come to represent for them a last sanctuary, a purifying wilderness.

In the process of assessing the damage and trying to establish how it happened and how it can be stopped, the opposition movement has had to broaden its focus from the Four Corners area to, ultimately, the entire United States. The single polluter at Four Corners has come to be identified as the symbol and the symptom of an American ethic that mandates economic growth at any cost to competing values. The landscape suited to mythical duels between badmen and sheriffs is now the unlikely stage for a classic face-off between our seemingly insatiable appetite for electric power on the one side, and, on the other, our growing hunger for some few remnants of an unsullied America.

Both the local and national issues in this confrontation are examined exhaustively in the transcripts of five one-day Senate hearings held in the Four Corners area last year as the climax to seven years of mounting public protest. In almost 2,000 pages of testimony and documentation, the history and the implications of the Four Corners controversy are argued from all sides.

From the record, the responsibility for the pollution at Four Corners seems to rest most heavily and directly on the plant's proprietor, Arizona Public Service Company. APS president William P. Reilly told the Senate committee, "APS and its design engineer concluded that because of the relatively remote location of the plant, plus the expected rapid dispersion of the ash particulate, there would not be an air pollution problem."

According to the transcript, the senators did not audibly question Mr.



The Four Corners plant is the first of six mammoth generating facilities to be built in the Southwest, three of them on Indian land (shaded on map). The plants will be fueled by coal strip-mined in the arid region. Coal from Black Mesa, a sacred Hopi site, is already being fed through a pipeline to the Mohave plant, and it will eventually be carried by rail to the Navajo plant, under construction.

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The polluter at Four Corners has come to be identified as the symbol and the symptom of an American ethic that mandates economic growth at any cost to competing values.

Reilly's assumption that a "pollution problem" is not when you pollute, but when you get caught at it, or his implication that "relatively remote" areas like Four Corners are suitable pollution havens. At any rate, the first three units at Four Corners were initially equipped with only the most rudimentary—and least costly—mechanical particulate controls, obsolete even before they were installed. The plant's original system was rated a low 87 per cent effective—on paper. In actual operation, however, no better than 78 per cent control was achieved, and because Four Corners coal is almost one-quarter ash to begin with, this was the equivalent of perhaps 60 per cent particulate control at most other plants.

But the hearings establish that the blame does not rest wholly on Arizona Public Service; the pollution of Four Corners required the compliance of no less an accessory than the U.S. Department of the Interior. The plant, the coal mine, and many of the transmission lines are on the Navajo Reservation, which is under Interior's protection. But only as the protests mounted over the desecration of the skyscape by the plant's first three boilers did the Interior Department attach an apparently rigorous stipulation to its approval for additional Units 4 and 5, belonging largely to Southern California Edison. The 1966 agreement required that the two new units be designed and the old units remodeled to include "the most effective commercially proven" electrostatic precipitators—devices that remove soot and ash from smoke by giving particles an electric charge, so that they stick to oppositely charged collection plates.

What it accomplished with one stroke of the pen, however, the Interior Department undid with another: It explicitly defined "the most effective commercially proven" particulate control efficiency as 97 per cent. Such a seemingly high standard would, in fact, license particulate emissions of more than eighty-two tons per day from a plant of Four Corners' size burning the same type of high-ash, low-grade coal.

In his testimony before the Senate committee, APS president Reilly asserted that, at the time, 97 per cent had been the highest practical standard "using existing technology, considering the low sulfur content of the coal." (Highly noxious sulfur, ironically, makes particulates easier to remove.) But the 97 per cent standard and its technical justifications had been previously challenged by federal authorities outside the Department of Interior. In December 1969 an official of the National Air Pollution Control Administration wrote to the district health officer of Clark County, Nevada: "NAPCA was not consulted regarding the contract language, we do not agree with it, and our objections have been made known to Department of Interior officials. Specifically, we do not agree with a percentage-removal efficiency specification; such a specification is a relative term depending on ash content of the fuel. . . . Further, *we do not agree that 97 per cent efficiency reflects either current state-of-the-art electrostatic precipitator technology or the technology extant when the contract was being negotiated. . . .*" (Italics added.)

By the time of the Senate hearings, however, the precipitators had been installed on the new units; they never have been added to Units 1-3, as contracted with the Interior Department. Furthermore, according to a 1970 report on Four Corners by the Bureau of Abatement and Control in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, "The design of the electrostatic precipitators . . . did not incorporate 'the most effective commercially proven electrostatic concept available' under the technology known at the time of design."

The report alleges that the size of the precipitators on Units 4 and 5 is "about one-third [of] that required"; that the system is, in layman's terms, too small, too slow, and too cool to perform up to proven industry standards. The report also cites a number of large U.S. plants of the same vintage that achieve better than 99 per cent particulate control with electrostatic precipitators, while consuming low-sulfur coal. As a result of its appetite for low-grade, high-ash coal and its inadequate pollution control, Four Corners, according to HEW calculations, emits more than five times as much particulate waste per unit of heat input as plants of comparable size elsewhere.

As public outrage has mounted over this reckless soiling of the air, the companies have begun to clean up, but not without government prodding. By the time HEW's 1970 report appeared, the state of New Mexico pre-empted the power to set emission standards by legislating 99.2 per cent particulate control. Just four days before the law was passed, Arizona Public Service contracted for $14.5 million worth of wet scrubbers—devices that literally wash the dirt out of the flue gases—for its Units 1-3. If they perform up to specifications after their current debugging period, the scrubbers will reduce the particulate emissions from APS Units 1-3 from 200 tons per day to 10. Then, a year ago, Southern California Edison committed $24 million for baghouse filters to be added to the precipitators on its Units 4 and 5. This innovative system of fabric filters is designed to cut the SoCalEd units' 52 tons of particulate emissions to less than 20.

So after several years of steadily increasing pressure from the public and the government, the Four Corners plant's particulate emissions will presumably be reduced from 250 to about 30 tons per day. A sizable achievement, it would seem; but these 30 tons will include a preponderance of extremely light and fine submicron-sized particles—less than one-millionth of a meter in diameter—that remain airborne for weeks, diffusing the sunlight.

Also, according to a member of the Colorado Air Pollution Commission, ". . . submicron particles are about the only size capable of entering and lodging in the human lung. If toxic gases adhere to such particles, a synergistic effect is noted which may affect health. SO_2 and NO_x adhesion has been demonstrated on fly ash and the effects of SO_2 and NO_x in the lung are not pleasant. . . ." Neither federal nor state regulations nor industry initiative has included control of sulfur dioxide or nitrogen oxides.

All the expensive filtering may increase the visibility in the Four Corners area and decrease the complaints, but the most serious pollution will continue. Even with the belated and hard-won pollution controls now installed or scheduled at Four Corners, the air will never be truly clean again.

Indeed, for all of the indignation spent on Four Corners, more affronts to the desert environment are in the offing. In the aftermath of Four Corners, five more enormous power plants are already in various stages of development in a broad swath across the heart of the scenic Southwest from New Mexico to Nevada. Beyond their local effects, the plants will spread a penumbra of pollution over thousands of square miles, including large portions of six states.

Only ten miles from the Four Corners plant, another facility is scheduled to begin operation next year at San Juan, New Mexico. It will eventually increase the pollution in the area by 20 to 50 per cent. The lower reaches of Lake Powell, the man-made impoundment between

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Glen Canyon and the Grand Canyon, are to be bracketed by a pair of giant polluters: the Navajo plant, slightly larger than Four Corners, and Kaiparowitz, two-and-one-half times the size of Four Corners. The Mohave plant, in the acute southern angle of Nevada, is the only other one of the plants already in operation, while Huntington Canyon, the northernmost of the six, is well under construction in central Utah.

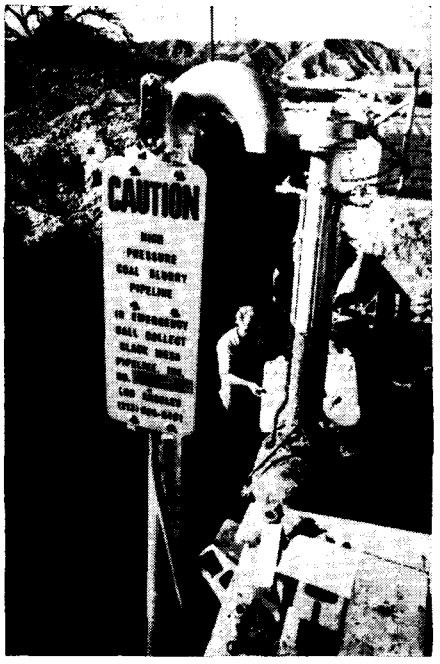
The eventual generating capacity of all six plants is estimated at 13,895,000 kilowatts—almost equal to the total output of the Tennessee Valley Authority system, or half again what Con Ed supplies to all of New York City. The eventual pollution output is difficult to predict, for the owners revise their plans to meet the increasingly stringent regulations inspired by public pressure. However, at the Senate hearings, New Mexico Senator Joseph Montoya conservatively projected daily emissions of 200 tons of particulates, between 850 and 1,300 tons of NO_x and 2,000 tons of SO_2 when all plants are operating with presently envisioned pollution controls.

These clouds of daily waste will rain down on some choice real estate. In the far-flung shadows of the six plants are a half-dozen national parks, twenty-eight national monuments, and the Lake Powell and Lake Mead recreation areas—a goodly portion of America's wilderness and vacation land.

Air pollution, however, is only the most obvious and wide-ranging of the environmental insults charged to the southwestern power project. The water resources of this arid region, which has an average annual rainfall of less than ten inches, will be severely taxed by the power plants. To cool their steam condensers, the plants circulate rivers of water, much of which is lost through evaporation and must be constantly replaced. The Four Corners plant already loses an average of almost twenty million gallons per day to the thirsty sky. The use of closed-system dry cooling towers, which do not lose any water through evaporation, has never been attempted at the southwestern project.

All of the plants draw their cooling water from the Colorado River or its direct tributaries. This represents a massive pre-emptive claim on a water supply whose every drop is already doled out in bitterly contested treaties and court decisions. The allocation of so much water for power production must limit the area's future development options, and it encourages the grand schemes for long-distance water diversion and management that figure like desert mirages in southwestern dreams. More immediately, however, the withdrawal of so much upstream water will reduce the flow available to dilute the saline irrigation runoff downstream. The high salt concentrations have already poisoned extensive downstream farmlands. The ultimate delivery of the remaining water to Mexico, under a treaty that has already been the subject of considerable disagreement, may literally rub salt into international wounds.

To the assaults on the air and water by the Southwest power project must



The Southwest's scarce water resources will be severely taxed by the power plants. Four Corners already loses millions of gallons daily through evaporation. Millions more are currently needed to carry pulverized Black Mesa coal through a 275-mile slurry line to the Mohave plant. Above, a section of the underground pipeline near the plant has been uncovered for adjustments.

be added the degradation of the land itself. The coal for five of the six plants will be strip-mined, leaving vast scars on the desert. Mining is already under way at the most controversial site, Black Mesa, a spectacular landform in northeastern Arizona. Here the Peabody Coal Company, the nation's largest coal producer, has leased the mineral rights to 65,000 acres—more than 100 square miles—of Hopi and Navajo land. At the estimated rate of 400 acres a year, Peabody will strip-mine coal from a total of 14,000 scattered acres during the thirty-five-year term of the lease. Some of the coal will be pulverized, mixed with water, and pumped 275 miles southwest through an underground slurry pipeline to the Mohave plant. As much as 30,000 tons of coal a day will be sent eighty miles northwest to the Navajo plant on a railroad built just for that purpose.

Large-scale strip-mining for coal is relatively new in the West, but the growing distaste for the environmental damage it has done in the East has led to the introduction of restrictive state and federal legislation, including one quixotic House bill to ban stripping for coal altogether, everywhere.

Peabody Coal has its own answer to strip-mine damage, however—a backfilling and reseeding operation christened "Operation Green Earth" in a kind of paramilitary pun. Like other beleaguered strip-miners, Peabody is well prepared with impressive evidence of its successful reclamation efforts on other projects. Often in the past, however, such coal company claims have not survived objective investigation. Either the companies' Exhibit A's have proved to be other than what they seemed, or the lush green growth they boasted was only the result of lavish seeding with dollar bills. In fact, after years of self-proclaimed success in strip-mine restoration, the industry has yet to demonstrate convincingly that large-scale, lasting reclamation can be achieved under actual mining conditions at a cost the companies are willing to pay and in a reasonable time period.

As evidence of its good faith, Peabody insistently quotes from its contract with the Indians, promising to return Black Mesa to them "in as good condition as received, except for ordinary wear, tear, and depletion incident to mining operation." But Peabody does not enumerate the catalogue of environmental offenses contemplated by that last clause; neither does it mention any contractual specifications for reclamation procedure or any enforcement provisions or penalties for nonfeasance.

In its public relations releases, Peabody promises only to bulldoze the overburden back into the mine cuts after the coal has been removed, to grade the surface, and to seed it. There is no stipulation of such salutary procedures as compacting the soil to its natural density or replacing the vital topsoil to support regrowth.

But the fragile desert vegetation grows slowly, even under the best conditions, so there's a good chance that Peabody will have exhausted its coal and gone on to strip greener fields before the final score on Black Mesa reclamation is in. The company has wasted no time in responding to the increasing demand for low-sulfur western coal and the promise of government support for the exotic technology to turn coal into gas. Peabody is the largest holder of the coal-mining rights to 773,000 acres—1,200 square miles—that were leased to private interests from the public domain between July 1969 and July 1970. Black Mesa is only the beginning.

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For Southern California, making electricity in the desert is technological alchemy: It provides power without pollution. At least, the pollution is somewhere else.

Meanwhile, for many of the Hopi and Navajo who follow the traditional tribal ways, thirty-five years of violence to their land is thirty-five years too long, even if reclamation were to result in a new Eden. The environmental effects of the power plants are, as they see it, accompanied by an irredeemable spiritual insult. To them the land is holy, and Black Mesa is holier than most.

There are other Indians, many of them driving shiny new pickup trucks bought on credit backed by high-paying jobs at the mine, who feel that Peabody's money—an estimated $100 million over thirty-five years—is fair trade for their ancestral land. There are also those Indians who do public relations work for Peabody and Indian leaders who allow endorsements of the Black Mesa stripping to be issued over their names by the company's agents. But the traditional Hopis follow their own leaders. They reject the deals made with the white men by the Tribal Council. They insist that the council derives its legitimacy not from the tribe's ancestors, but from the Great White Father's Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Indians are divided over the power project. "Traditionalists" view the changes wrought upon their ancestral lands as desecrations. Below, a Hopi contemplates residue from the Black Mesa slurry line. "Progressives"—who man the Hopi Tribal Council, in lonely session, beneath—have welcomed the power plants and strip-mining, and the money that has come with them.

The traditional Hopi leaders have joined in a suit against Peabody and the Secretary of the Interior—one of a number of suits seeking to stop the power project—on the grounds that the Tribal Council is improperly constituted and its contract invalid. Many other critics of the project believe that the protective function of the Bureau of Indian Affairs—part of the Interior Department—is compromised by the fact that the department is a customer for the project's power.

Finally, adding esthetic insult to spiritual and environmental injury, are the high-voltage transmission towers that clutter the desert. They radiate in single files from each plant to the horizon. They march across the desert like giant skeletal kachinas—Hopi ceremonial figures—carrying the white man's electricity in wires slung between their outstretched arms. But the ultimate irony of the power complex in the Four Corners region lies at the far end of the wires, where the electricity is bought and used. The Indian reservations, which bear so much of the burden of its production, use very little of the power: Navajo hogans do not have electric kitchens or air conditioning or even electric lights as a rule. Indeed, the power from just the first three of the six plants would more than satisfy the demands of the total population of the four states where the power—and the pollution—are generated.

The wires will carry almost half the projected output to Southern California, most of it for Southern California Edison—one of twenty-three utilities and public agencies participating in the southwestern power project. For them making electricity in the desert is technological alchemy: It provides power without pollution. At least, the pollution is somewhere else.

This is crucial to Southern California, which already has enough dirty air. Ever since Los Angeles invented smog, the noxious fumes from the coastal cities have been attacking crops in the surrounding valleys and climbing the enclosing hills to poison the ancient ponderosa pines on the heights. This year the Statewide Air Pollution Research Center in Riverside reported record damage to plants from peroxacetylnitrate, the noxious product of sunlight and nitrogen dioxide. There were 218 days in 1971 when Riverside's air was officially called a health hazard, and 69 days when the pollution level required adults to reduce physical activity and children to remain in air-conditioned buildings. The California Medical Association has called the air pollution in Southern California a "chronic and increasing emergency," and the exasperated pollution-control officer of Los Angeles County has suggested that the only way for the local air to meet state and federal standards is to "depopulate" the area.

On its thoroughly polluted home grounds, Southern California Edison has been an environmental good citizen. A recently released pollution study of fifteen privately owned utilities by the independent Council on Economic Priorities rates SoCalEd as the cleanest of the large power producers. The council especially cites the company for its use of low-pollution fuels and its innovations in emission control.

After beginning as a modest hydroelectric utility, SoCalEd has grown with its area to become one of the big-five companies in the industry, quadrupling its output between 1950 and 1965. Further growth to satisfy burgeoning development has been blocked by pollution codes that virtually ban new fossil-fuel power plants in Southern California. At the same time, a planned switch to nuclear power has aroused opposition from uneasy neighbors—perhaps because Southern California Edison's first nuclear plant, at San Onofre, sits just one mile from an earthquake fault. In June California voters will hold a referendum on a five-year moratorium on nuclear construction in the state.

Doubtless it was such frustrating home rules that led SoCalEd to look beyond California's strict jurisdiction to the Four Corners region, where there was a power—and pollution—vacuum.

At no time during the quest for a permissive power site was a fundamental question raised: Is yet more electricity necessary? The electric power industry has always operated on the principle that growth is inevitable as well as beneficial and should be abetted in every way possible. It is also a tenet of the faith that the First Cause of growth is consumer demand, over which the utilities have no influence. As an official of Arizona's public power authority put it, "Our responsibilities as utilities are to make certain there is enough electricity to operate every air conditioner, heater, and other type of electrical appliance our customers may want to use. They dictate; it is up to us to respond."

Corollary to this axiom is the notion that demand is bound to double every ten years, a rate derived by projecting the recent past into the far future.

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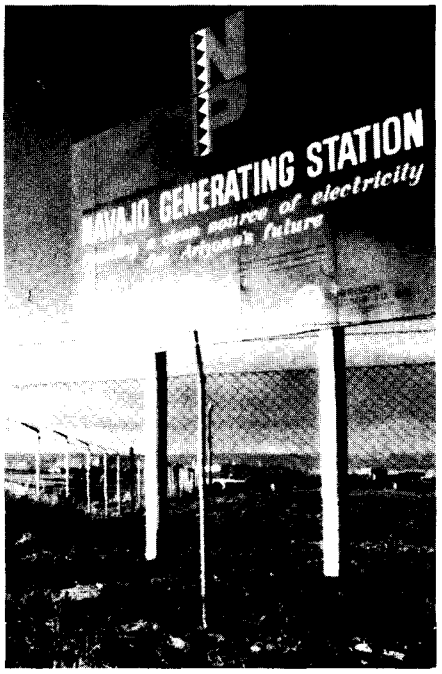
Thus, the Federal Power Commission has just predicted flatly that U.S. power demand will rise from 340,000 megawatts in 1970 to 1,260,000 megawatts by 1990—quadrupling in twenty years. Utility spokesmen cling to this dogma like Marxists to their dialectic, and they repeat it reflexively both to reassure stockholders and terrorize regulatory agencies and consumers.

Critics of the power industry insist that such endless doublings are impossible and that the role of the utilities is not as innocently servile as industry spokesmen describe. But only occasionally do the utilities tacitly admit that their prophecies may be self-fulfilling. For example, in its original application to appropriate 139,000 acre-feet of water annually for the Four Corners power plant, the construction company specified that only 55,000 acre-feet were intended for mining and generating operations. The additional 84,000 acre-feet were to be reserved "for industrial plants which might be established in the area as a result of the availability of . . . electric power."

Indeed, utilities have traditionally used aggressive advertising and promotion techniques to stimulate demand. According to the Council on Economic Priorities report, in 1970 the fifteen companies in their study spent $29.5 million on consumer advertising and $97.5 million on sales, compared with only $21.5 million on all research and development. Power companies routinely seek to increase industrial power demand through such promotional devices as "area development departments," which are designed to nurse prospective industrial customers through relocation troubles. To encourage residential consumption of electricity, the utilities offer incentives for all-electric "Gold Medallion" homes. They promote the purchase and the use of electric appliances and advertise that electric heat—actually less efficient than competing systems—is cleaner than gas or oil.

A sign near the rising new Navajo plant promises clean power production while reflecting an industrywide vision of the future—one in which outputs of electricity ever double. Environmentalists are skeptical about both the promise and the projection.



At no time during the quest for a permissive power site was a fundamental question raised: Is yet more electricity necessary?

There is evidence to suggest that the utilities' advertising has succeeded. From 1964 to 1969 the FPC raised its demand prediction by 10 per cent—the equivalent of sixty million kilowatts, or the output of thirty Grand Coulee dams. According to *Business Week*, "The estimate was increased because of the growth in air conditioning and space heating," two services the industry has promoted most heavily. The effect has been marked. Ten years ago the peak power demand was in dead winter; today it has moved 180 days to midsummer. Some utilities find that 35 per cent of their peak load is caused by air conditioners, as the percentage of homes with air conditioning has increased from 11 to 45. More recently, the utilities have emphasized electric heat to "balance the load" on their generating facilities.

Increasingly, the utilities have come under attack for stimulating demand even while they claim dire need for increased generating capacity. In 1970 the FPC reported that seventeen states had restricted or prohibited utility promotion, while twenty-six others had investigated the practice. Under duress some companies have reduced their advertising expenditures. Others have simply changed their pitch; they are trying to have the best of supply and demand by encouraging increased use of power during off-peak hours. A few—most notably New York's Consolidated Edison—have even offered consumers a campaign on marginal power conservation.

But both the industry and the FPC have resisted more radical suggestions for moderating demand, such as the inversion of the present declining rate structure, which favors heavy users. "I don't intend to make that choice," declared FPC chairman John N. Nassikas in a discussion of the pressure of energy demands on resources. "Not on the record I've seen, as long as I'm chairman." On the same occasion, Treasury Secretary John Connally suggested that people could "save a tremendous amount of energy just by going around and turning off a few lights."

But the dominant industry view has been affirmed by a spokesman for the industry-supported Edison Electric Institute: "We must do everything in our power to make certain that there is a continuing and increasing demand for the total electric concept, whether in the home, the office, the factory, or the institution. . . . To create this demand, we've got to do more advertising than we've ever done before. . . ."

Assuming this "continuing and increasing demand," SoCalEd's vice president, Howard P. Allen, projected California's power needs in his area to 1985 for the Senate committee that investigated the Southwest power project: "It is a tremendous amount of energy, which is going to take all the coal, all the water, all the gas, and all the . . . oil that we can get into the Southwest. . . ."

The investigating senators also received petitions addressed to Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton from a number of witnesses—including New Mexico's Governor Bruce King and Senator Joseph M. Montoya—for a moratorium on all further coal-burning power plants in the Southwest. Instead, Secretary Morton ordered a study of the matter. Part of that study has just been released by the Environmental Protection Agency with little fanfare. It confirms that regional air quality "will be increasingly and significantly degraded" by projected power-plant development in the Southwest, "causing threats to human health, terrestrial biota, and surface water. . . ." The study urges that pollution control at any future power plants in the area be required to exceed existing federal standards.

But no degree of regulation will undo the damage already done—and the further degradation in store—in the Southwest desert, where for the sake of air-conditioning the days and lighting up the nights in Southern California, they've browned out the sun. □

From its first full head of steam in 1964 until this year, the Four Corners power plant dumped 200 to 250 tons of ash and soot into the sky every day—along with even greater quantities of invisible poisons. After eight years of public protest, visible emissions have now been reduced to 62 tons a day.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN BUDNIK

The coal to feed the power plants lies in seams as much as thirty feet thick buried beneath Black Mesa on Indian land in northeastern Arizona. The Peabody Coal Company promises to push the blasted earth back into the strip-mine cuts after the coal has been removed and to make the desert bloom again, but some Indians are skeptical. "The earth is our mother," says Asa Bazhonooda, a Hopi. "The white man is ruining our mother."

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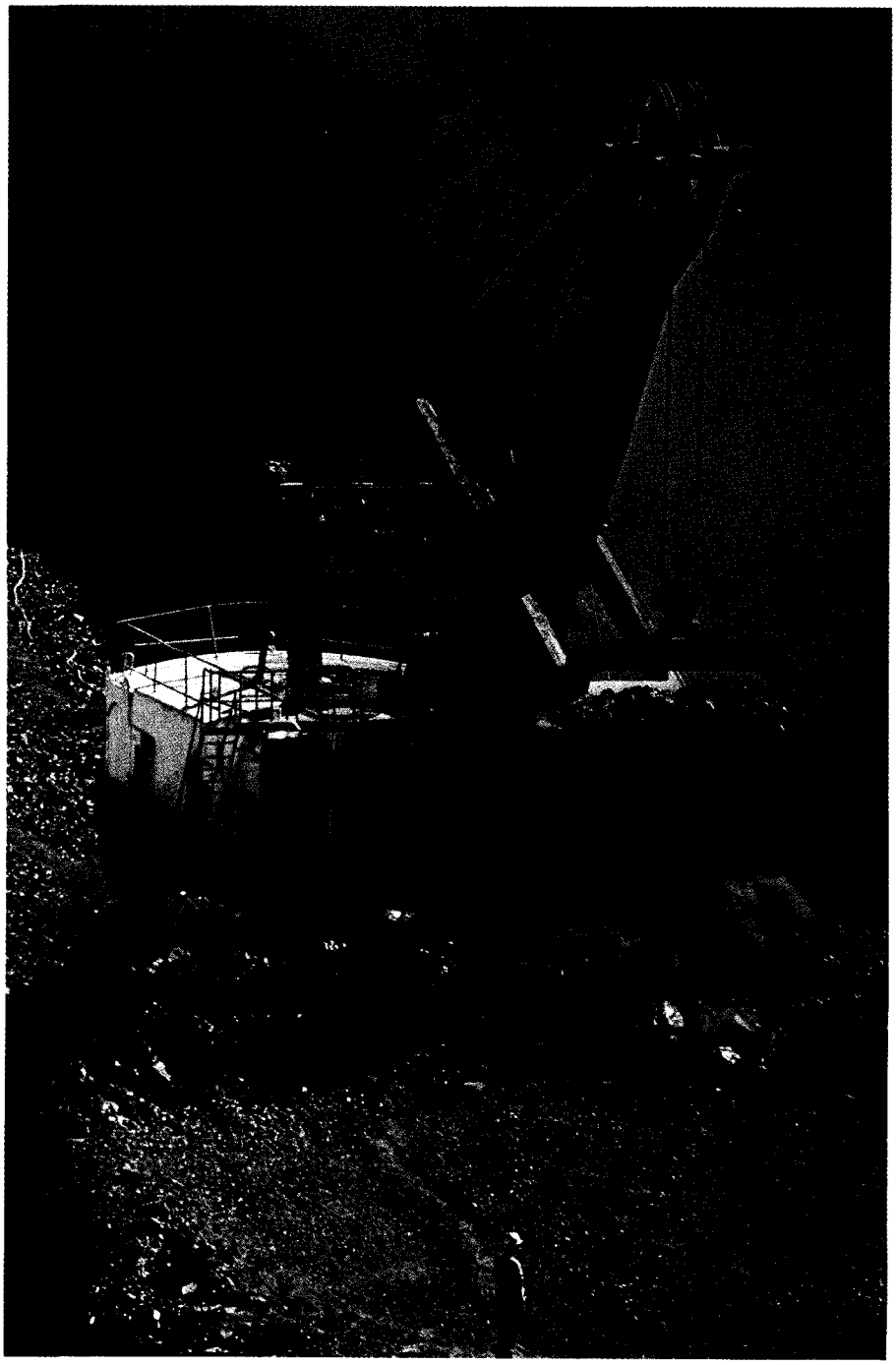

Peabody's mining operation will employ about 300 Indians—80 per cent of its work force —to chew up several hundred acres of Black Mesa each year, digging in with steel teeth and carrying the earth away in 120-ton truckloads. The Indian tribes get a 20- to 25-cent royalty on each ton of coal extracted from Black Mesa. "Here is the spiritual center of this land," says John Lansa, a Hopi elder. "This is the most sacred place."

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The Navajos believe that Shiprock, the 1,700-foot monolith twenty miles west of the Four Corners plant, is the great bird that brought them here. The haze obscuring the landmark is a by-product of the Four Corners plant, whose pall has been observed more than 100 miles away. According to an environmental consultant hired by the utilities, "the impact . . . on the air quality of the region will be minor. . . ."

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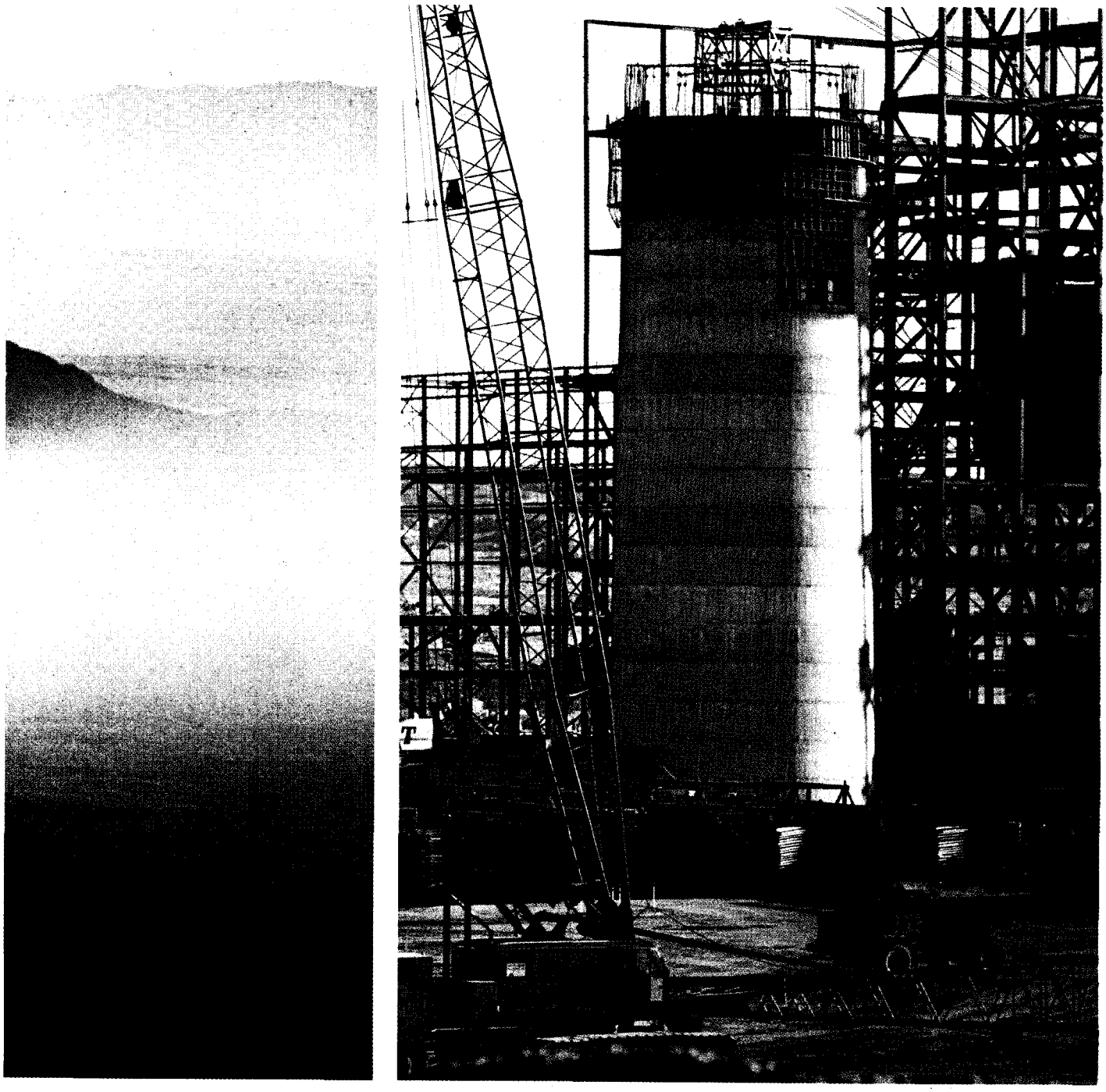

Four Corners is only the beginning. The stack for Unit 1 of the Navajo plant, scheduled to start up in June 1974 near Lake Powell in Arizona, will eventually tower 775 feet. A twin will debut a year later; a third in 1976. Burning 23,000 tons of Black Mesa coal every day, Navajo's stacks will emit 7.26 tons of ash and soot, 210 tons of sulfur oxides, and 204 tons of nitrogen oxides over the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.

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The Four Corners plant is in New Mexico, uses New Mexican water, burns New Mexican coal, soils New Mexican air, and yet New Mexicans get less than 10 per cent of its total power production. Says the president of New Mexico's major utility about the impact of technology on his state, "... this is not the fault of technology, but [of] those who have been responsible for its direction."

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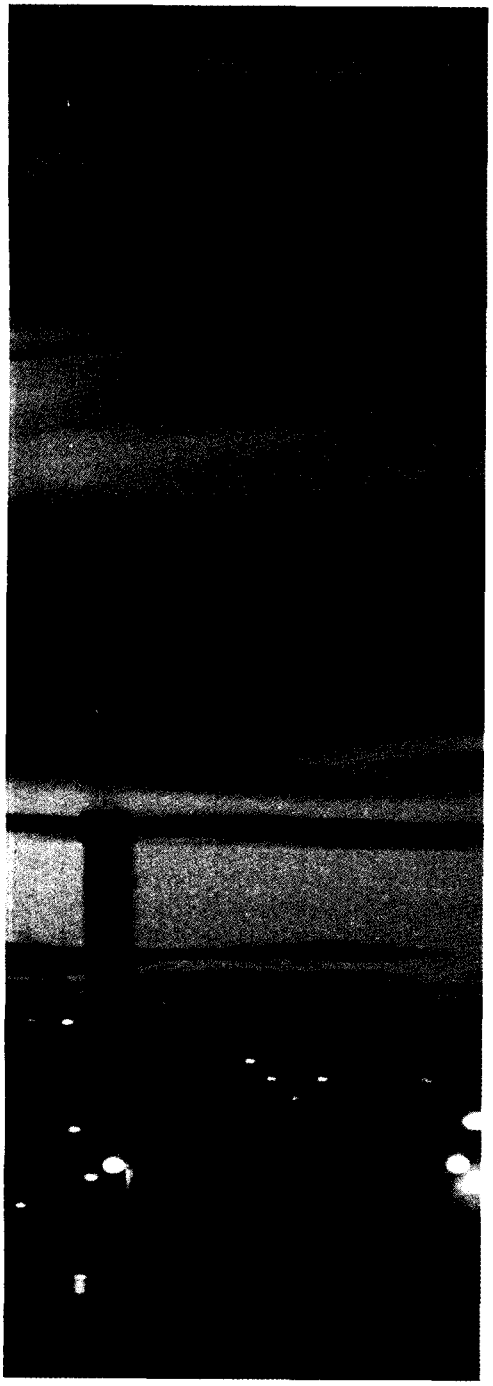

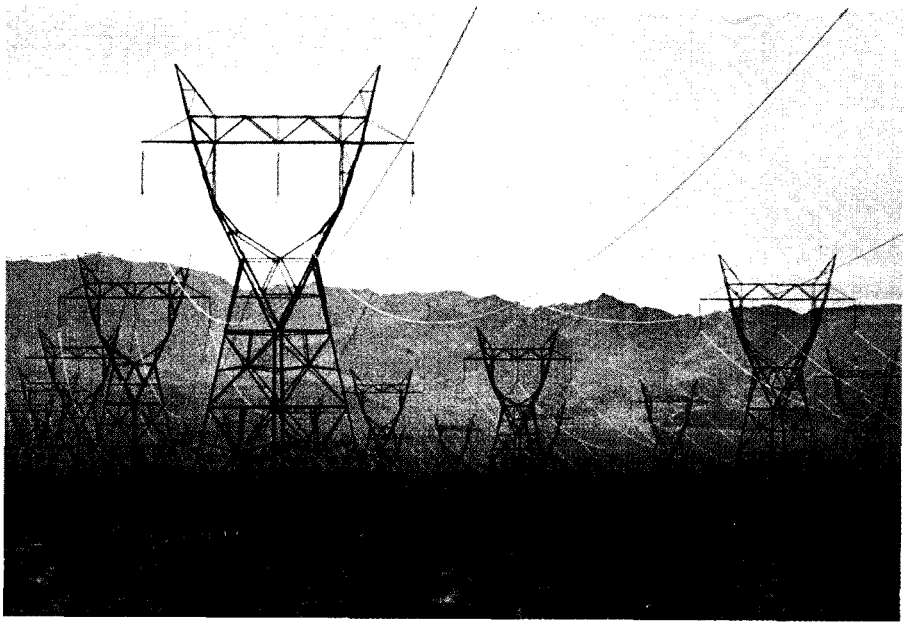

More than one-third of Four Corners' output—and almost six million of the fourteen million kilowatts to come from the Southwest—will flow through ultra-high-voltage wires to Southern California. After industrial, commercial, and other uses, one-quarter will remain for homes. Of this, 35 per cent will go to refrigerators and freezers; another 35 per cent to lights, TVs, toasters, stereos, hairdryers, and other small appliances.

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THE REMARKABLE RESURGENCE OF GERRY'S GAMBIT

In spite of a spirit of reform, a venerable bit of political skulduggery—the gerrymander—is making a pervasive comeback, aided by the computer.

BY ROBERT W. DIETSCH

The political air smells of reform in this high season of electoral politics. The primary elections, at least on the Democratic side, smack of populism and grass-roots change, of more democracy in the republic. Around the country there is increasing talk of overhauling the federal tax code. New young voters are calling for a new politics of candor, if not necessarily of utopian idealism.

Thus it is both ironic and perhaps ultimately illuminating that in election year 1972 American politics, in one major regard, is running directly counter to the spirit of reform. We are witnessing the unprecedented—in modern times at least—resurgence of a venerable bit of political skulduggery: the gerrymander.

As state after state redraws its political boundaries in light of the 1970 census and, in many cases, the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decisions, many state political leaders have seen and seized this bounteous opportunity to arrange new boundaries so as to benefit some candidates or parties and to victimize others. In Indiana, Republicans, by their own admission before the House Judiciary Committee, fed voting data into a computer to come up with the most politically advantageous congressional redistricting plan. In Virginia the Democratic legislature drew congressional lines to place four incumbent Republican congressmen in only two districts. In Georgia the white-dominated legislature deliberately split Atlanta into three different congressional districts to prevent election of the South's first black congressman since Reconstruction. (The Georgian gerrymandering was reminiscent of an action a decade ago in Alabama, where the legislature, in an effort to reduce the power of blacks in Tuskegee, shrank and twisted the boundaries of the city from a square to a curious figure with twenty-eight sides, thus eliminating every black residence from the city.) Dallas has been divided into five weirdly shaped districts, including one that stretches for 150 miles to take in College Station, the home town of Chairman Olin Teague of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee. Colorado's Fourth Congressional District has been stretched 400 miles diagonally across the state. Gerrymandering has become a pervasive political pastime in New York State, where rearranging of the Thirty-fourth State Senate District in the Bronx is regarded as something close to a perfection of the art; the district is now actually two separate pieces of land connected only by one lane of a drawbridge. Gerrymandering efforts have been so extensive in California that one observer has suggested the draftsmen of the new California political districts be awarded "the Elbridge Gerry Memorial Award for Creative Cartography."

Gerry is the man who started it all. In 1812, while he was governor of Massachusetts, Republican Gerry carved out an odd-shaped legislative district that favored his party. Some men thought the odd shape looked like a salamander, and someone combined "Gerry" and "salamander" to coin the word "gerrymander." Thus, to gerrymander is to draw political-district boundary lines in a way that gives one group an artificial advantage in elections. One gerrymandering technique is to collect scattered votes into a single district so that a political party will have a better chance to win that district. Another is to lump all the opposition's strongholds into one irregularly shaped district, conceding it to the enemy but hopefully making adjoining districts safer for the other side. David I. Wells, an official of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union who has studied and written extensively about gerrymandering, says of this geopolitical gamesmanship: "Skillful gerrymandering can easily convert one party's majority at the polls into the other party's majority in a legislative or congressional delegation. It can give one faction within a party a handicap at the starting gate, making it almost impossible for it to defeat a rival faction in a primary. It can virtually guarantee the re-election of a favored incumbent legislator who would have a difficult time if district lines were drawn logically, or it can go far toward the defeat of one who has been selected as a target. Gerrymandering, in other words, is a way of stacking the cards politically; a sophisticated, and unfortunately still legal, form of political cheating."

Curiously and ironically, the current spree of gerrymandering (perhaps the most extensive in our nation's history) is linked to one of the major institutional reforms in modern U.S. politics —the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote rulings, which insist on absolute population equality among political districts. At first glance, the Court's decisions requiring that districts have equal populations should have resolved the problem of unfair representation. The decisions were a major step forward, for wide population disparities had made the House of Representatives and state legislatures highly unrepresentative. Yet, as Wells has written, "while the Supreme Court's action has sometimes been referred to as the 'Reapportionment Revolution,' it was, in effect, only half a revolution, for the other half of the problem of unfair representation—gerrymandering—remains very much unresolved. And gerrymandering can be practiced whether districts' populations are equal or not." Indeed, the Court's decisions not only permit gerrymandering but, by disdaining traditional electoral boundaries, practically encourage politically inspired alternatives. As Terry B. O'Rourke, in a study published by the American Enterprise Institute, writes: "By eliminating local boundaries, communities of interest, and district compactness as possible justifications for even slight population variances, the Supreme Court has unwittingly discarded almost all restraints on gerrymandering."

Robert W. Dietsch is on the national staff of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance in Washington, D.C.

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Those with power to redraw electoral districts have been given judicial sanction to wander all over the map as long as their districts contain the same number of people, and many have been unabashed in their wanderings. In the Thirty-fifth Assembly District in Queens, New York, Republican gerrymanderers seized the occasion, for instance, to link two predominantly Republican sections. They drew a new district line through a narrow neck of land where nobody lives. Including a portion of LaGuardia Airport and a bit of land between an express highway and Flushing Bay, the strip runs along a highway for thirty blocks and is only a few feet wide in places. The new district, shaped like a dumbbell, is comfortably Republican.

Congressional election returns indicate the substantial political advantages that derive from such imaginative map making. Republicans reapportioned Kansas in 1965 and split Wichita and Kansas City in two so as to strengthen their hold on two competitive congressional districts. As a result, in the 1966 election the Republicans won four of five congressional seats with only 57.3 per cent of the votes. In 1970 Missouri Democrats, in control of reapportionment, won nine of ten congressional seats with 58.6 per cent of the votes. Ohio Republicans, in control during 1970, won sixteen of twenty-four congressional seats (66.6 per cent) with 52 per cent of the votes. Michigan Democrats in 1970 even found that favorable districting could turn a minority into a majority. They won ten of nineteen congressional seats with 36.9 per cent of the votes.

Another irony of the surge of gerrymandering lies in the fact that the introduction of the computer to help in redistricting has greatly boosted the potential for such finagling. At first computers, which have been used extensively to assist in making the complex calculations necessary to comply with the court's standard of exact population equality among districts, were deemed an answer to partisan boundary drawing. But as Mr. O'Rourke points out, the computer "is no more neutral than those who program it. In addition to population data, there are two other factors vital to the formation of districts and the interests of the party controlling redistricting: registered voters and partisan strength. The computer's enormous capacity to store and process data can just as easily be programed to consider these factors in formulating a plan for redistricting as it can be to ignore them. . . . Far from having eliminated gerrymandering, the use of the computer in reapportionment allows the party in power to utilize an immense amount of data, previously unavailable or unmanageable, in formulating gerrymanders vastly more sophisticated than in the past."

The baroque possibilities of gerrymander-by-computer are illustrated in Indiana, where the Fifth Congressional District has been cybernetically carved out to be ultra-safe for Republican Representative Elwood H. Hillis. The district was made to run from just south of the Michigan line through at least half the Hoosier state to Indianapolis. The gerrymanderers did throw into Hillis's district a portion of Washington Township (outside of Indianapolis) that is turning black and that normally votes Democratic. In a complex bit of mathematics that was aided by the computer, the gerrymanderers figured that Hillis could lose those 4,000 black votes and still remain safe, and the votes meanwhile would be taken away from Democrat Andrew Jacobs, Jr., in an adjoining district. For Jacobs's own district the GOP computer worked out some very fancy geometry. The district used to be L-shaped and had only eight corners—a relatively compact and contiguous district. But today, after the work of the Indiana gerrymanderers and the computers, Jacobs's district has at least twenty-four corners, and its western boundary jigs and jags just like a salamander scurrying over hot rocks.

How to attack the new, sophisticated, judicially inspired gerrymander? One approach is federal legislation requiring not only that each House district be composed of equal population but also that its territory be contiguous and in as reasonably compact a form as practicable. Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has introduced antigerrymander bills off and on for years, and the committee favorably reported out such a bill last September. But chances of full congressional approval are considered slim. Another obvious form of attack is to try to persuade the Supreme Court to recognize some limitations on its one-man, one-vote decisions. Organized labor is leading the legal attack against gerrymandering in a number of states, including North Carolina, New York, Iowa, Georgia, Indiana, Connecticut, and Arizona. The hope is that one or more of such lawsuits will come before the nine justices.

In a *New York University Law Review* article, James Edwards, a New York attorney, has suggested a judicial challenge to the gerrymander. It would require a plaintiff merely to point out the existence of a peculiarly shaped district or show that county or city boundaries were needlessly disregarded. Unless the state (the defendant) could give a logical reason for the odd shape, the court would consider the districting to be evidence of intent to discriminate against a particular group of voters. Such discrimination would be held unconstitutional as a violation of the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Short of a judicial or federal law approach, one means of minimizing gerrymandering lies in taking the reapportionment function away from the state legislature and turning it over to a bipartisan commission. In theory this would insulate the districting process from partisan politics. At least eight states have used this approach to redraw state legislative, but not congressional, boundaries: Alaska, Arkansas, Hawaii, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Such an arrangement prevents either party from imposing its will on districting, but it does not prevent bipartisan gerrymandering that accommodates incumbents of both parties. In a few states these nonlegislative commissions give tie-breaking votes to judges. Again, this is a step in the right direction. But it isn't the final answer; judges themselves have been known to be susceptible to the urge to gerrymander. Last year, in fact, two gerrymanders, in Illinois congressional districts and in Connecticut legislative districts, were imposed by judges.

A really effective way to minimize gerrymandering is to have the state legislature enact strict rules on the way district lines may be drawn. Of course, such rules would have to provide that no district may vary in population by more than 1 per cent from the state average; this would be in keeping with the Supreme Court decisions. The rules should also specify that districts must consist of contiguous territory, that political subdivisions be kept intact except when their division is required to meet the equal population standard, and that the total length of all district lines be as short as possible. As Mr. Wells and his union associate, Gus Tyler, have written, if all considerations other than approximate population equality, contiguity, compactness, and adherence to subdivision lines to the greatest extent possible "were ruled out, it would be virtually impossible for partisan or personal motives to play a role in the districting process—regardless of who actually drew the lines—for those who drew them would exercise almost no discretion; the rules themselves would be self-executing. There would simply be no opportunity to gerrymander."

A state constitutional amendment embodying such standards has been introduced in the New York legislature. But it is given little chance of enactment. For the moment, the spirit of Elbridge Gerry and his 160-year-old gambit lives and prospers. □

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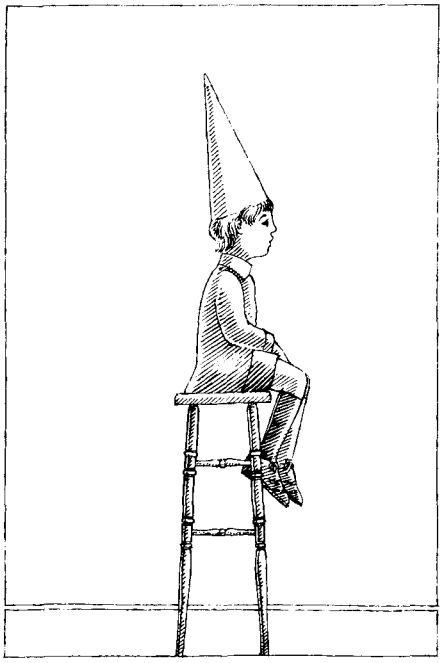
HUMAN BEINGS ARE NOT VERY EASY TO CHANGE AFTER ALL

An unjoyful message and its implications for social programs



BY AMITAI ETZIONI

A while back there was a severe shortage of electricity in New York City, and Columbia University tried to help out in two ways: A card reading "Save a watt" was placed on everyone's desk, and janitors removed some light bulbs from university corridors. The ways in which this shortage was made up for illustrate two major approaches to social problem solving. One approach is based on the assumption that people can be taught to change their habits, that they can learn to remember to switch off unused lights. The second approach assumes that people need not, or will not, change and instead alter their environment so that, even if they leave light switches on, watts are saved.

The prevalent approach in the treatment of our numerous and still-multiplying social problems is the first. Imbedded in the programs of the federal, state, and city governments and embraced almost instinctively by many citizens, especially liberal ones, is the assumption that, if you go out there and get the message across—persuade, propagandize, explain, campaign—people will change, that human beings are, ultimately, quite pliable. Both political leaders and the general public believe that advertising is powerful, that information campaigns work, and that an army of educators, counselors, or rehabilitation workers can achieve almost everything if they are sufficiently numerous, well trained, and richly endowed.

But can they? We have come of late to the realization that the pace of achievement in domestic programs ranges chiefly from the slow to the crablike—two steps backward for every one forward—and the suspicion is growing that there is something basically wrong with most of these programs. A nagging feeling persists that maybe something even more basic than the lack of funds or will is at stake. Consequently, social scientists like myself have begun to re-examine our core assumption that man can be taught almost anything and quite readily. We are now confronting the uncomfortable possibility that human beings are not very easily changed after all.

Take smoking, for instance. Since 1964, when the surgeon general began calling attention to the dangers of cigarettes, a vast and expensive campaign has been waged, involving press releases, lectures, television advertisements, pamphlets, and notations on the cigarette package. The positive result of all this activity, however, has been slight. At first there was no effect at all; actual cigarette smoking continued to rise until 1967. Then it dropped from 11.73 cigarettes per day per person aged eighteen years and over to 10.94 in 1969. More recently the level has risen again.

The moral? If you spend $27 million, you may get enough people to switch from Camels to Kools to make the investment worthwhile for the Kool manufacturers. However, if the same $27 million is used to make nonsmokers out of smokers—that is, to try to change a basic habit—no significant effect is to be expected. Advertising molds or teases our appetites, but it doesn't change basic tastes, values, or preferences. Try to advertise desegregation to racists, world government to chauvinists, temperance to alcoholics, or—as we still do at the cost of $16 million a year—drug abstention to addicts, and see how far you get.

In fact, the mass media in general have proved to be ineffectual as tools for profoundly converting people. Studies have shown that persons are more likely to heed spouses, relatives, friends, and "opinion leaders" than broadcasted or printed words when it comes to deep concerns.

Another area in which efforts to remake people have proved glaringly inefficient is that of the rehabilitation of criminals. We rely heavily on re-educational programs for prisoners. But it is a matter of record that out of every two inmates released, one will be rearrested and returned to prison in short order. Of the 151,355 inmates in state prisons on December 31, 1960, there were 74,138, or 49 per cent, who had been committed at least once to adult penal institutions. Reformatories come off no better. A study of 694 offenders released by one well-known institution reports 58.4 per cent returned within five years. The study concludes self-assuringly: "But this is no worse than the national average."

What about longer, more sustained educational efforts? Mature people can be taught many things—speed reading, belly dancing, Serbo-Croatian—usually with much more pain, sweat, cost, time, and energy than most beginning pupils suspect. When we turn, though, to the modification of ingrown habits, of basic values, of personality traits, or of other deep-seated matters, the impact is usually much less noticeable.

What is becoming increasingly apparent is that to solve social problems by changing people is more expensive and usually less productive than approaches that accept people as they are

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and seek to mend not them but the circumstances around them. Just such a conclusion was implicit, for instance, in an important but widely ignored study of automobile safety done by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Applying cost-effectiveness measurements to efforts to cut down the horrendous toll on American highways—59,220 Americans were killed in 1970—the HEW study noted that driver education saves lives at the cost of $88,000 per life. New automobile accessories, as simple as seat belts, proved more than a thousand times as effective; saving a life this way, it was computed, costs a mere $87. Yet we continue to stress driver education as the chief preventive measure; the laws regarding the redesign of autos are moderate in their requirements and are poorly enforced. Similarly, we exhort people not to drive while under the influence of liquor, even not to drink in excess to begin with. But these are rather monumental, perhaps impossible, educational missions. However, a simple device that measures the level of intoxication by breath analysis and that is widely used by highway patrols in Great Britain has tended to scare drunken drivers off the roads in that country. It could be applied to a rapid reduction of traffic fatalities in this country. Educate drinkers later.

Solving social problems by changing people is apparently less productive than accepting people as they are and changing their circumstances instead.

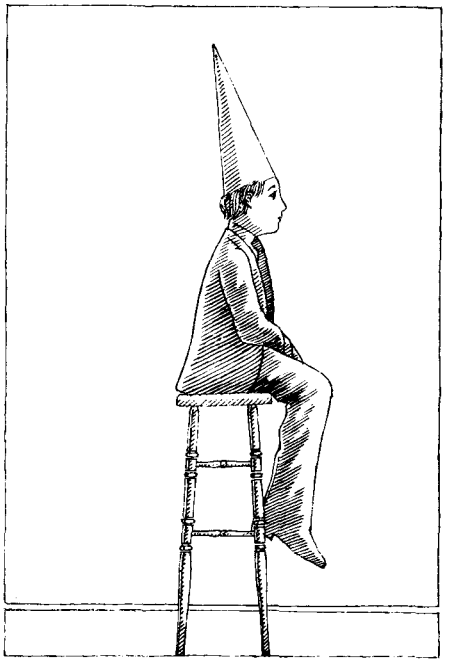
The problem of educating against drug addiction in general offers parallel lessons. Acting on the belief that personality predispositions yield fairly rapidly to such approaches, we have tried a variety of informational, persuasive, personal, and group-therapeutic techniques in the battle against addiction. However, these approaches have rehabilitated only a few addicts. Much more promising are counter-drugs. For example, Antabuse, which if taken makes a person feel quite uncomfortable when he drinks, is more effective than psychotherapy in dealing with alcoholics. It takes so much less effort to decide each day to take medication than to decide, all the time, to refrain from drinking. True, Antabuse so far is a little-known remedy, and many who do know of it are skeptical, because early experiments in which a high dosage was administered seem to have resulted in some fatalities. Now, though, smaller dosages are being given, and Antabuse is slowly regaining serious consideration.

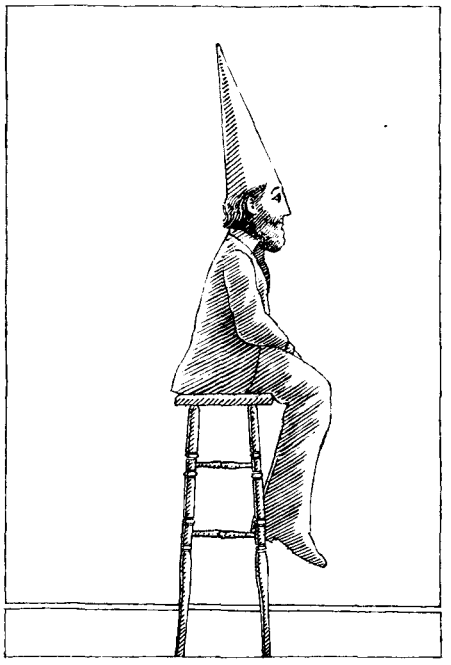
The failure of educational and therapeutic approaches to help most heroin addicts has led, finally, to the wide use of a substitute, methadone, which is usually referred to as a blocking drug because it is said to curb the craving for heroin. Let's not ask here if methadone is the most suitable drug for the purpose, to what extent it is different from heroin, or even if it actually blocks out heroin. For our purpose, it is sufficient to say that, unlike the educational and therapeutic approaches to heroin addiction, methadone is effective. That is, people taking methadone work, study, are satisfied, function as human beings and citizens, and have a much lower criminality record. Thus, of a group of 990 men carefully examined, those employed or attending school rose from 27 per cent at admission to the methadone program to 65 per cent after one year on the program, to 77 per cent after two years, and to 92 per cent in the third year. A report by the director of the District of Columbia narcotics treatment division shows that as the number of addicts on methadone increased, the level of crimes that addicts tended to commit fell almost proportionally. Thus, with about 20 per cent of the addicts on such treatments, robberies in Washington, D.C., fell from 12,432 in 1969 to 11,222 in 1971. There is no evidence that any educational program has ever had such an effect.

Though there seem to be no similarly effective drugs to help food addicts (or persons afflicted with obesity), we have recently been informed by medical researchers that serious weight problems seem to arise, *not* from faulty will power, character, or motivation—qualities subject to educability—but from different rates of metabolism and divergent nutritional pathways. These pathways are established early in childhood and may be either set for life or altered by medication, but exhortation or other educational efforts can alter them little.

Again medication has proved to be more promising than education in dealing with mental patients. After year upon year of increase, the number of patients in mental hospitals declined sharply in 1956. This turning point came about, not because therapy was expanded or intensified or a new procedure found, but because tranquilizers were widely introduced. Most of those discharged now live on medications at home.

Technological devices and medication are not the sole approaches we may rely upon more heavily once we understand the limits of adult educability and allow ourselves to see the full extent and implications of these limits. Improved matching of persons and jobs may go a long way toward reducing the need for job training. Here the two alternative assumptions about the pliability and perfectibility of human nature come into sharp focus. Few educators are quite willing to assume, as it was once put rather extremely, that "given time and resources, we can make a piano player out of anybody." Yet whole job-training programs are still based on such an assumption. For instance, the scores of training programs for the unemployed or the to-be-employed that are run or supported by the Department of Labor assume that people can be





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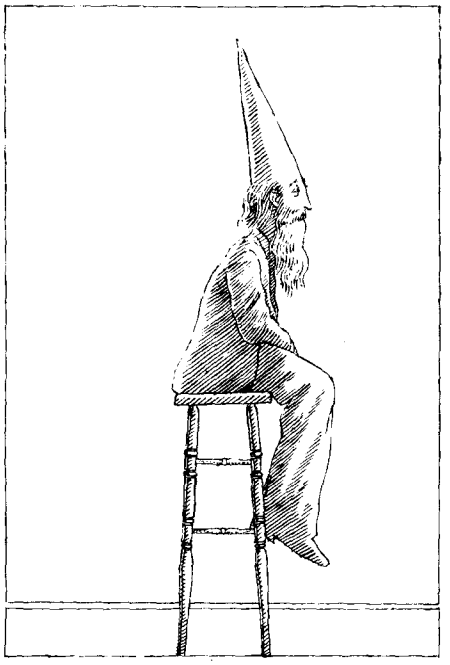
changed, and quite fundamentally.

The Department of Labor stresses, in its discussion of "social-psychological barriers" to employment, the need to modify "attitudes, aspirations, motivation (especially achievement motivation), ability or willingness to defer gratification, and self-image." And the 1968 Manpower Report suggests "the necessity of direct efforts to modify the attitudes of the disadvantaged before introducing them to job situations." One major training program aims at providing "needed communication skills, grooming and personal hygiene, the standards of behavior and



performance generally expected by employers."

In a study I conducted with three of my colleagues for the Center for Policy Research, we found that persons have deep-seated preferences in their work behavior that are very difficult to change, and we concluded that it may be unethical to try to change them. Thus, if a person prefers to engage in nonroutine work of the more creative type, at an irregular pace, training him or her to be a "good" assembly-line worker—which entails teaching not only how to turn bolts but also how to be a more "uptight" person—may be both ineffective and morally dubious, especially if we are correct in suggesting that people's existing preferences can be readily analyzed so that they can be helped to choose jobs compatible with their personalities. It is also much less costly to test and assist people than it is to train and mold them. If we run out of compatible jobs, jobs may be changed to suit people rather than people to suit jobs.

One of the few effective and efficient ways in which people can be basically remade lies in a total and voluntary reconstruction of their social environment. Thus, when students withdraw from the campus into a rural commune, or Jews emigrate from the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe to found a new Israeli kibbutz, life can be deeply recast. The creation of a whole new environment for addicts—indeed, a new social community—on a voluntary basis, as achieved by Synanon, is highly effective, and Alcoholics Anonymous seems to provide a cure as effective as or better than Antabuse. Many alcoholics and mental patients who are integrated into therapeutic communities are reported to recover well.

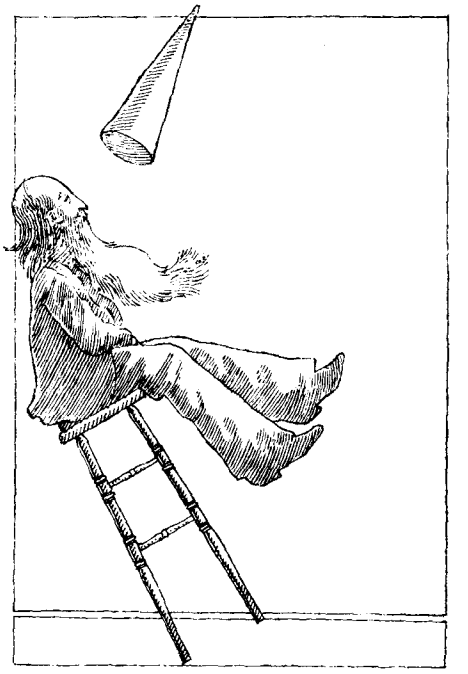
This total-change approach is very appealing to a radical New Left perspective, which suggests that new persons cannot evolve except in a new society and that a new society will emerge only from the deep efforts of people in the crisis of reshaping their world. At the same time one must note that effective total-change groups work only for those who join voluntarily. Most addicts, mental patients, prison inmates, and others in need of change don't volunteer to join. Hence, the total-change approach is considerably less applicable to social problems than some would have it be.

Much of what I have said is primarily concerned with adult educability. It also holds true, albeit to a lesser degree, for children. While children, especially younger ones, are more educable than adults—who must often first be disabused of the education they have acquired as youngsters—most Americans, both the general public and the policy-makers, still enormously overestimate what the education of children can achieve.

The schools, which are still the main institutions of education for children aged six through eighteen, cannot carry out many of the missions assigned to them. Most schools do not build character, open the mind, implant an appreciation of beauty, or otherwise serve as the greater humanizer or the social equalizer as educators would wish them to do. In desperation it is suggested now that the schools concentrate on teaching the three Rs, and it is common knowledge that they have a hard time doing even that.

Probably the greatest disappointment educators have encountered in recent years, and have not quite come to terms with, is the failure of intensive educational campaigns to help children from disadvantaged backgrounds catch up with their more advantaged peers. As has already been widely reported, virtually all of the 150-odd compensatory education schemes that have been tried either have not worked at all or have worked only marginally or only for a small proportion of the student population. The Coleman Report makes this point, and the same conclusion comes from another source. Professor Jesse Burkhead of Syracuse University found that differences in the achievements of high school students in large-city schools are almost completely conditioned by the students' social backgrounds and environments, including the incomes and occupations of the parents (class), housing conditions, and ethnicity.

The reasons for this inability to bridge the distance between the educational achievements of disadvantaged and better off children are hotly



debated. It seems to me that the key reason for the failure of compensatory education lies in the fact that the disadvantaged children are locked into total environments, which include home, neighborhood, parental poverty, discrimination, and inhibiting models of behavior. We cannot hope to change one without changing the others. Education will become more effective when it works together with other societal changes—which, of course, means that, by itself, it is not half so powerful as we often assume.

The contention that personal growth and societal changes are much harder to come by than we had assumed, especially via one version or another of the educationalist-enlightenment approach, is not a joyful message, but one whose full implications we must learn to accept before we can devise more effective social programs. Once we cease turning to ads, leaflets, counselors, or teachers for salvation, we may realize that more can be achieved by engineers, doctors, social movements, and public-interest groups; and the educators will find new and much-needed allies. □

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WELFARE WON'T WORK, BUT WHAT WILL?

What happens when a new, cool breed of welfare administrator tries to apply "corrective action" to New York's welfare system, the nation's largest and most liberal, and what does the effort mean nationally?

BY BRUCE PORTER

Mrs. Jeannie Lopez is a thirty-four-year-old divorced mother of six children who lives in Kansas City, Kansas. Like many fellow welfare clients, she has other problems besides being poor. Her basic problem, though, still is money. This is not surprising, considering that Kansas, at best, has paid its welfare families on an average of $988 a year less than the official minimum for survival set by the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity. But last fall the situation of Mrs. Lopez and of other welfare recipients in Kansas became even more critical. The state legislature voted to cut monthly welfare allotments by 20 per cent, which meant that Mrs. Lopez was reduced to $317 a month with which to feed, clothe, and house her family. This spring, after months of lobbying by welfare rights groups, some of the cuts were restored. But Mrs. Lopez no longer receives state reimbursement for what Kansas considers "extras," for example, money spent on school books (she is attending a local community college in hopes of someday becoming a social worker) or the $15 it costs in carfare each month to get herself and her children to and from their medical appointments—for the battery of ailments that afflicts the Lopez family. Mrs. Lopez has become deeply disheartened by the turn of events. "We've got the distinct impression," she says, "that what they are saying to us is, 'Just go over in the corner and lie down and die.'"

Not die, exactly. The Kansas legislature would be just as happy if Mrs. Lopez and every other welfare mother and child in the state simply packed up and moved somewhere else. Given the realities of welfare in 1972, however, there are precious few places left for them to go. The idea of welfare has never quite jibed with the puritan ethic in the United States, but today the welfare system is going through the most abrupt and massive turnaround since the system began thirty-seven years ago. It is as if the country had suddenly forsworn all the liberal shibboleths of the last decade—especially the ones about the "deserving poor." People now, more than ever, seem to perceive welfare clients, not simply as a class of unworthies, but as ones whose poverty status poses almost a moral affront to the American way of life. "Welfare people," says George Sternlieb, director of the Center for Urban Policy Research of Rutgers University in New Jersey, "are now the closest thing to untouchables that this country has got."

The initial sign that welfare was under the gun came with the cutbacks in state and municipal welfare budgets. Since 1970 some two dozen states have reduced their outlays for recipients—to the point where forty-two states now give people less than what the states themselves certify is needed for survival. Where states have not cut back on the money, they have tried to cut down on the number of people eligible to receive it. The great legal victories won by poverty lawyers in the 1960s have been sternly challenged in the process. After a long and painful fight to establish the unconstitutionality of residency laws as a way of restricting welfare eligibility, legal service lawyers looked on in frustration last year as two states—New York and Connecticut—blithely passed new residency laws that flew in the face of court decisions against them. (Both laws have since been struck down—again.)

Knocking welfare has also become a political pastime that, evidently, few national figures can resist. President Nixon has repeatedly thumped for "workfare" over "welfare"—a distinction he spelled out in a speech made in January when Congress breezily passed the Talmadge Amendment, which was lifted from part of Nixon's own plan to overhaul welfare. The measure would require all able-bodied welfare recipients in the nation to register for employment or else face the discontinuance of their checks. "To those who deride the work ethic," President Nixon said when he signed the bill at his Key Biscayne retreat, "Americans must respond that *any* job for an able-bodied man is preferable to life on the public dole. No task, no labor, no work is without dignity or meaning that enables an individual to feed and clothe and shelter himself, and provide for his family." Even poor Hubert Humphrey, a New Deal, pro-welfare liberal if there ever was one, was caught sneaking in a radio spot during his Florida primary campaign in which he promised to do all he could to get rid of the "welfare loafers and chiselers."

The ultimate sign, however, that antiwelfarism is no temporary aberration has surfaced in New York, the bastion of liberal welfare policies and the home of the largest municipal welfare system in the nation. About a year ago Mayor John Lindsay became convinced that reform was needed in the city's ungainly department of welfare, with its sprawling $3-billion budget, 1.3 million welfare clients (nearly one-tenth the national welfare load), and 30,000 employees—and he made a fateful decision to do something about it. The changes that have been made since are significant, not only because of what they reflect about the national disenchantment with welfare and how it has intensified, but because they may

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be pointing the way to a major philosophical overhaul, growing out of that disenchantment, of the whole concept of welfare administration.

First, out the window went a long tradition of having the department run by social workers—a tradition that at times brought in such remarkable figures as former welfare Commissioner Mitchell Ginsberg, dean of the Columbia University School of Social Work. Then, in the door marched a smart column of lean and hungry young business school graduates—an instant project-management team that seems more committed, initially at least, to saving the city money and making a fast rep for itself than it is to seeing that the poor get a fair shake from the system. "This is not a career opportunity," warned recruitment brochures the department had sent out to business schools up and down the Eastern Seaboard. "It is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to get in on the ground floor of a massive undertaking and experience

Many of the welfare department's divisions were given over to young administrators whose experience had been with the likes of Mobil Oil, IBM, and industrial consulting firms.

the thrill of having your own abilities and personality as the major constraint on achieving results. This is an opportunity to find out how good you really are. . . ."

About 200 young administrators took up the challenge, and their sudden appearance provided a marked contrast to civil servants who had been around since the tail end of the Depression. To wake up the department's somnambulant corps of bureaucrats, a management engineer was brought in from Allied Chemical. To reorder the agency's bank of computers, the department turned to an assistant vice president of the American Stock Exchange. The city's work relief program was handed to a Harvard Business graduate who had formerly headed the city's rat-extermination program. The department's antifraud campaign, its welfare addicts, the problem of ineligibles were all given over to young administrators whose previous experience had been with the likes of Mobil Oil, IBM, and lush-carpeted industrial consulting firms. The whole tempo and tone of the department changed. It was no longer a plodding city agency—at least in the higher echelons. It was now a fast-paced, results-oriented business corporation.

Placed in charge of the whole operation was a thirty-two-year-old, nervously energetic graduate of the Harvard Business School named Arthur Spiegel. Spiegel had made a name for himself a couple of years ago as a quick-witted program manager in the city's Housing and Development Administration. He left government service for a while to go into a private industry, and when Mayor Lindsay's recruiters set out to persuade him to return, they found him busy peddling second-home developments in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains. Around the department Spiegel is known as a "character." Staff members like to call him "crazy" in the sense of being a mad genius. He never sits still. Talking to people in his office, he prowls the carpet restlessly, his shirttail hanging out of his pants and his hand darting up compulsively to fiddle with a cowlick at the back of his head. He talks constantly in profanity, as if to emphasize that at last welfare problems are being examined in a hard-nosed fashion, and his words are jettisoned in rapid and sometimes disjointed bursts. In a place as ingrained and old-line as the welfare department, Spiegel comes as a dash of ice-cold water.

His mission, as he sees it, is not only to begin undoing the tangle that has developed over a long period of administrative neglect but to create a whole new welfare environment in New York City that might become a model for the rest of the country. "What welfare has done," he says, "is it has eliminated a sense of consequence in people. They're taught that nothing will happen when they do something wrong. Take rent. The client finds an apartment and the welfare department pays, within reason, whatever it costs. Then, say, you don't pay your rent and you get evicted. The welfare department pays your back rent, or it moves you and pays your moving costs and it puts you up at a hotel while you're finding an apartment. Then it pays the security to the landlord.

"Well, we're going to stop doing all that. We're going to stop paying moving costs. Rent will be a fixed rate, and the client will have to haggle like everyone else. If the landlord wants security, then the client can borrow it from the department and pay it back over a long period of time. If the client can't manage, then we'll treat him differently. He'll get government chits if he can't handle money, a two-party check. Treat him like a child. We've got to start creating a sense of consequence, the same sense that the rest of society operates under. We've got to try to simulate the real financial world here, because on welfare the real world just doesn't exist."

It is still too early to tell whether this philosophical redirection will have any lasting effect on the welfare rolls, but the structure and tenor of the department itself have already begun to change significantly. When John Alexander came over from his job as director of management engineering at Allied Chemical, for instance, not only was he appalled at what he considered gross inefficiency—it was taking 100 department bureaucrats, he estimates, to do the work of sixty-five or seventy-five employees in private industry—he was also disturbed by the amount of money that was wasted. As of January the backlog of unaccomplished work had reached 160,000 "units"—a welfare case, for example, that should be closed but remains open or a client's budget that was set too high or too low and remains unchanged—and was costing the city at least $2 million more each month than it would have if the units were attended to promptly.

To clean up the backlog, Spiegel adopted the not exactly unique solution of paying caseworkers and clerks nearly $500,000 in overtime. Then, as an antidote to inefficiency, he placed the directors of the city's forty-three welfare centers on notice that, like the police captains in New York's precincts, they would now be responsible for the quantity and quality of work done by subordinates. To show them he wasn't kidding, this spring Spiegel summarily transferred twelve directors out of their jobs—a move that was as frightening to the old-line bureaucrats as it was unprecedented in the department's history. "You can't believe how the directors have begun to sweat," said one caseworker who has been with the department for nine years. "In the past you got to be a director, and you were untouchable. All you had to do was sit there and mind the store and you had a job for life."

If the knives are out for inefficient employees, the welfare recipients themselves now face more rigorous scrutiny as well. Whereas in the past the emphasis was on "client dignity," the emphasis now is on reducing ineligibility and on eliminating fraud. Again the chief weapon is the threat to fire center directors—those whose welfare rolls become too bloated for the systems analysts to accept. In essence the directors are being placed in positions where, like their counterparts in private industry, they are competing against one another to achieve the "best" record.

Some major structural changes have been made by way of casting a cooler institutional eye on welfare recipients.

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When the department was run by social workers, it was thought that exhaustive investigation of welfare applicants was demeaning and dehumanizing. So the department had instituted a system wherein a client simply declared his need and was taken on the rolls at his word. As of Spiegel, this is no longer so. In what is now a "modified" declaration system, the client must provide identification, such as a birth certificate or driver's license. Then he faces an intake clerk, who has been trained in the artful use of trigger questions. When an applicant gives a "wrong" answer, more questions follow, and pretty soon the would-be client finds himself subject to a full field investigation. To help clerks pick out suspicious cases more readily—ones that would be investigated automatically—the department has developed a computer profile of a high-risk applicant, one most likely to try to get welfare payments through fraud. Finally, to get rid of the ineligibles already on the rolls, the department has decided on a mammoth undertaking—one that involves calling in the city's adult welfare population, some 500,000 people, and submitting them to a face-to-face reinterview by specially trained clerks. This promises not only to root out ineligibles but to disrupt the lives of every client in the system and absorb the energies of departmental bureaucrats for more than one full year.

Clearly, the system, not the clients, is now the first consideration. When it was discovered, for example, that the city's 34,000 welfare addicts were disrupting the welfare centers, administrators began looking at such solutions as dispensing free heroin, not because giving out dope is deemed desirable for the addict, but because it is good for the system and makes it work more smoothly. "Maybe the real solution," says one of Spiegel's staffers, "is to give them a shot of methadone at the same time we're signing them up for welfare. We're looking at a lot of these things." Even the language has changed. When they enter the system, welfare people are now seen as moving down "tracks" that can be plotted on charts—in much the same way that industrial production is charted. They are "pumped into the feed." What is done with them eventually shows up on "performance and evaluation review technique" charts. When the new administrators discuss welfare reform, it comes out as "corrective action."

To some department staffers, of course, the new administration represents the ultimate in Orwellian horror. "These guys might just as well be working on a pinpoint bombing survey in Vietnam as on welfare in New York City," says a staff economic planner. "Welfare rights, people's dignity—that's squishy, soft human stuff. What they want is a look at the printouts, the data—something hard. The technique of organization begins to have a value in itself that is quite divorced from the problems they are really dealing with. But Spiegel is not the problem; he's just the terminal moraine. The real problem is the whole feeling now that the troubles of the city can be solved somehow by going after them with the techniques of business."

The reason behind the new moves, however, has less to do with the problems of welfare than with its politics. And no one is more responsible for creating the politics than those who are now complaining most bitterly about Spiegel's hard, businesslike reforms—the welfare rights groups that drove the welfare system to its presently tottering state.

Pushed forward by the rights groups —antipoverty workers, poverty-war lawyers, and welfare clients themselves —New York's relief rolls grew phenomenally in the 1960s. Whereas during the previous decade the number of people on welfare actually decreased (340,000 in 1950, against only 323,000 in 1960), the figures in the 1960s proceeded to triple and now in the early part of the 1970s are almost four times what they were a decade ago. Almost as many people were added to the welfare rolls in 1969 alone as accounted for the whole welfare load in 1960. As of March of 1972 the number of recipients had reached 1.3 million, which means that one out of every six persons who live in the city is on welfare. But what strained the system and bothered the politicians even more was that the costs were rising faster than the people. In 1965 the city was spending $272 million; today, seven years later, the amount is $1.3 billion, or nearly five times as much.

Even the language has changed. When welfare people enter the system, they are now seen as moving down "tracks" in much the same way that industrial production is charted.

However, in the viewpoint of Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward, the two teachers at Columbia's School of Social Work who helped start the welfare rights movement back in 1964-65, this was all part of a grand national strategy. In the 1950s, they had reasoned, welfare all around the country was so tightly run and so discriminatory against blacks and members of other minority groups that thousands of eligibles were being kept off the rolls. By gathering up these hordes and thrusting them against the various municipal welfare departments, they thought, the movement could make the system groan and finally collapse. At that point cities and states would be so incapable of patching things up they would have to beseech the federal government for help; whereupon, the government would respond with reform. The first part of the plan, of course, worked beautifully. It was in the second part that the trouble started. "They wanted to break the system," says Sternlieb. "Well, it broke all right, but it broke the wrong way."

The basic error of the welfare rightists was that they kept on talking about "welfare reform" without saying exactly what it was supposed to mean. Consequently, everyone could agree that the system was terrible, but each had his own idea as to what to do about it. For Cloward and Piven, reform never really went beyond just getting more and more people on welfare. "Thousands of people are getting it who weren't before," said Piven. "Thousands of mothers can send their kids to school with new clothes. They can get furniture, buy food. Poor people are getting money—that's real reform."

Some liberals, though, who had applauded the Cloward-Piven strategy as a way to achieve some kind of lasting change in the system began feeling betrayed. For, after years of holding the gates against welfare repression, after years of defending the system against cutbacks by conservative state legislatures, the liberals awoke to discover that their partners in the reform movement had succeeded only in bankrupting the system out from under them. The Left had created such a shambles of welfare that it became no longer politically defensible, and hence it was vulnerable to forays from the antiwelfare politicians of the Right.

This has been the pattern nationwide but nowhere more evident or more disruptive than in New York. When in the 1960s the city's welfare system began to open up its rolls, for example, it found that it could not do so in an orderly fashion. Something that started out as a controlled loosening of the system in response to the newly found eligible poor turned into something that looked like a free-for-all raid on the public treasury. First off, there was the problem of caseworkers who, through sympathy for their clients' plight, would instruct them in how to milk the system. In the late 1960s, for instance, there was such a

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thing as the "special grant"—money a caseworker could get for his client for such things as linoleum, window gates, and furniture. In theory the purpose of granting the money was to bring a client's household up to a "minimum standard of decency." In practice it was used for just about everything else. The client who was shrewd enough to get a special grant or had a "kind" enough caseworker used it to supplement her or his meager allowance for children's clothes or to put better food on the table or give the family a rare movie treat. All of these were worthy expenditures, but none of them had anything to do with what the client was legally entitled to. For caseworkers, giving out special grants became a way to reward good clients and to make can-

To some, the new reforms represent the ultimate in Orwellian horror. "These guys might just as well be working on a pinpoint bombing survey in Vietnam," says a staffer.

tankerous ones subservient. It made case workers feel good, it became a liberal badge of honor, and it was an easy way to get back at the Establishment.

The special grants also proved to be a main organizing tool for the welfare rights movement of New York. With some organization members walking out of centers with $800, $900, as much as $1,000 in their pockets, it became quickly apparent to nonmembers that the movement might gain them immediate benefits. Not surprisingly, within one year the money spent on special grants in New York nearly tripled. Also it should have come as no surprise that, faced with such a massive and sudden drain on the system, the state legislature promptly responded by rescinding the special grants altogether, leaving future welfare clients worse off than the ones who had come before them.

What made the general problem of fraud even worse was the department's refusal to admit to it. For years the conventional wisdom among liberals held that chiselers accounted for only 3 or 4 per cent of the rolls. Now, however, studies in New York are turning up a much higher rate—possibly 10 to 15 per cent. And when Sternlieb did a welfare-housing survey for the Ford Foundation recently, his researchers found no one living at the addresses given for ten out of fifty randomly selected welfare recipients, even though relief checks were being sent out every two weeks and were being cashed. When the department uncovered such cases on its own, however, the statistics did not go in the "fraud" column but in one headed "whereabouts unknown."

Then, with the department growing so rapidly, the bureaucrats found they simply could not push the paper around fast enough to keep up with the new welfare clients. It would take six months, for instance, to discover that a client had been sent duplicate checks in the mail and had cashed both of them, thus ending up with twice as much money as he should. In addition, the tangle of paper was so bad that, once the department discovered the mistake, it rarely got around to collecting the money owed by the client. The amount involved was piddling in the ten-figure budgeting of New York's welfare system—about $6 million a year—but it provided antiwelfare legislators in the state capital with still another knout with which to wallop welfare.

Even more embarrassing was the problem of drug addicts. Addicts were put on welfare a year-and-a-half ago on the theory that disabled people should have public support, while trying to cure themselves in drug treatment programs. The problem was that the city's methadone program, the one DSS seemed to favor, had a waiting list six months long. In its place some addicts would simply invent programs of their own, so they could say to the department that they were undergoing rehabilitation. The most notorious nonprogram was the Ajax Treatment Program in Brooklyn, which amounted to a shooting gallery where addicts would pool their welfare checks and go out and buy heroin.

It was only a matter of time before such goings-on came under serious attack. And that assault began last spring when New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller came up with his own ideas for welfare reform and sent them rolling through the Albany legislature. Not only did the state cut grants 10 per cent across the board, but it passed a miniature Talmadge Amendment that required every able-bodied recipient, including welfare mothers with school-aged children, to sign up at the employment office or lose their checks. Then Rockefeller added a little fillip of his own. Any reliefer who couldn't find work in the private economy, read the new law, would have to work off his (or her) welfare check by doing labor for the city—a concept of dealing with poverty that went into vogue in London during the days when they had workhouses for the poor and a man named Charles Dickens to write about them.

For the city's welfare department, Rockefeller's welfare laws spelled the final collapse. Faced with the gigantic job of setting up the work program, registering all the clients, and complying with the various ins and outs of the legislation, the city had no choice but a complete and massive overhaul of its welfare system. "The state law blew the fuses," says Spiegel. "The department was in such a goddamned mess, it just couldn't cope anymore. Something really major had to be done."

In another sense, though, the state work law was only an excuse for revamping the system. The real reason goes much deeper, for what seems to have happened in the beginning of the 1970s is that all around the country many liberal urban economists and sociologists plainly and simply started to question whether welfare is really good for people. While few of the negatives can be proved conclusively, the answers they are getting do not seem very encouraging. For instance, until 1960 the graph for U.S. welfare rolls and the one showing the unemployment rate would rise and fall together. After 1960 the correlation was shattered, and while unemployment fell, welfare took off like a bird. Coincidentally, during the same period welfare payments rose at a rate that was 60 per cent faster than the one for wages, whereas before 1960 the rates had been substantially the same. These statistics, of course, don't really prove that welfare encourages worklessness. Still it couldn't be argued that welfare was exactly encouraging people to go out and get jobs.

Urbanologists have been having similar qualms over the effect of welfare on the family structure—particularly in view of the alarming proportion of fatherless families, not only among blacks but increasingly of late among Puerto Ricans as well. But the ultimate complaint by liberals is that welfare doesn't even provide much welfare, and under the present political realities its chance of ever providing anyone with decent income is pretty slim.

All of this is leading to a growing consensus from both Left and Right that welfare has been distorted out of anything resembling its original purpose. As Assistant City Budget Director Jonathan Weiner notes: "The welfare system was designed originally to deal with widows and cripples and the elderly, and it is now taking care of a whole class of people, which is a dramatic and quantum jump. No longer is welfare some desperate, last-chance thing. It is something that is just *there*. For the blacks it's become one way to escape intolerable conditions. Other groups didn't have the option of welfare when they came to the city, and

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they saved up for a whole generation and deprived themselves of everything, and they got their kids out. There are some economists who feel that just because it was *there* as an alternative, welfare may have retarded a whole generation of blacks. And it's now time to think of other alternatives."

Ironically, one of the brightest alternatives in the country could eventually emerge from the regressive legislation passed by New York State. As it is now, the work-relief program imposed by Albany has accomplished little that was hoped for it. Barely 10 per cent of the 50,000 reliefers statewide who registered at state employment offices have managed to find jobs.

But while the private job market can find no room for welfare people who want to work, the public job market has never had enough workers to do the things that need to be done. And with some major revisions and a lot of help from the federal government, the new work program could be the start of real welfare change. Such a change would amount to no less than a massive and permanent public works program that not only would act to abolish welfare as people now know it but would put tens of thousands of people to work improving the deteriorating conditions in the city. "On the one hand, you've got people living in crummy conditions, in bad housing, filthy alleys," says Paul Elston, the thirty-one-year-old director of the city's work-relief program. "On the other, you've got a large reservoir of people on welfare who are paid to do nothing. It's absolutely insane. Why can't you get them together and begin doing something about these problems?"

Municipal hospitals could easily absorb 10,000 more workers; the private hospitals, another 20,000. Ten thousand could be employed as classroom aides in the school system and 5,000 more in day care centers. When the city runs out of jobs, more could be found, say, in improving the environment. Elston has already begun looking into reclamation projects for bottles and cans. He talks of having welfare clients gather up all the used paper in New York. He has even investigated the possibility of shipping it to Europe, where there is a strong market for recycled paper. When the mind conjures up all the jobs that could be done, the vistas become downright limitless. Welfare would once again be reserved for the maimed, the halt, and the blind. Then the public service jobs could be a way out of poverty for the blacks and Puerto Ricans as once the needle trades were for the Jews. "What you end up doing," says Elston, "is subsidizing any kind of business or service you think is socially useful but not economically self-sustaining. All you're talking about is utilizing the public income to allow people to work and live decently."

As Spiegel sees it, welfare now has no other choice than to become "workfare," because under its current onus the system faces nothing but cutbacks and more repression. "What we want to do is to integrate welfare people into the rest of society." And in their heart of hearts, thinks Spiegel, his critics want the same thing he does. "If you really listen to what these welfare rights guys are saying when they get through all the bullshit—what they're saying is, 'Abolish welfare.' And that's what we're really trying to do."

Abolishing welfare and putting welfare recipients to work, even at public jobs, is easier said than done, however. Some 10,000 New York City welfare recipients are now employed at "jobs" in the parks, sanitation, and other public works. Most work one day a week, and they get no training; and instead of a living wage—say, $6,000 a year for a family of four—they get no paycheck at all. They stand out as reliefers, and in most cases the work they do isn't very productive. "It's a case," says former Welfare Commissioner Mitchell Ginsberg, "where, instead of having two men provide toilet paper for the ladies' room, there's now three, and the third guy is on welfare. I believe people are better off working, but they need something to work at. Most work relief turns out to be make-work or no work at all. It's self-defeating because welfare people know it's a sham and so do all the other workers. It only reinforces their own sense of failure."

Then there is the fact that many welfare people aren't healthy enough to work. In the course of one survey, the Brookings Institute of Long Island found that only 40 per cent of the AFDC mothers interviewed were free of some basic sort of health complaint. And when the city looked into its Home Relief rolls to find employables for the state program last year, it found that only 20 per cent were even remotely healthy enough to work—and this meant registering hapless derelicts off the Bowery and spindly, fifty-five-year-old railroad pension widows whose normal habitats are the seedy, single-room-occupancy hotels along upper Broadway.

If none of these problems proves fatal to "workfare," the state of the national economy may. Already the unemployment rate for the regular work force in urban areas stands at about 7 per cent without competition from welfare recipients for jobs. And what decent-paying public service jobs might be created by government would likely be filled long before they went to reliefers—if they are created at all. Only a few months before he delivered his paean to work at the signing of the Talmadge Amendment, President Nixon vetoed a $2-billion public works program precisely because it would have created permanant jobs rather than temporary ones.

The Talmadge Amendment itself is set to go into effect as of July 1, but it would be superseded whenever Congress gets around to passing some version of Nixon's own welfare reform measure with its provision of a guaranteed annual income. This will probably happen next fall. With no concomitant effort to create good jobs, however, the Nixon bill is hardly likely to change welfare into "workfare." In fact, because it allows welfare recipients to keep only one-third of any income they can earn, the Nixon reform is not exactly providing people much incentive to go out and work—even if there were jobs.

One thing is becoming increasingly clear as the nation gropes to reform and rationalize its welfare system —that the private economy in this country has lost its capacity to employ all those who want to be employed by it. Without some kind of institutionalized, decent-paying public job alternatives, no welfare legislation, no matter how liberal or regressive, is going to do the job that lawmakers assign to it. "With welfare," says George Sternlieb of Rutgers, "what you're dealing with are people who have simply fallen out of the employment market. No one really needs them. No one wants them. The question then is, Do you slow down the production machine and put them to work, even though it would be inefficient? Do you do what we're doing at the moment, which is just paying people to stay away? Or do you do the third choice, which is taxing the private economy to put these people to work in the public area?"

These are questions that officials have just begun to grapple with in New York City, that sooner or later will confront every city in the country. The answers are emerging slowly and often painfully, but they would appear to be pointing toward abolishing welfare, as Arthur Spiegel put it, in favor of some means of providing work for everyone. As with many beginnings, this current tendency suffers from dire inadequacies, mainly ones that involve lack of training, meaningless jobs, and wages that, if they exist at all, are exceedingly meager. Still, trying to deal with the problem by simply tightening up on welfare and lashing back at recipients—as much of the nation appears inclined to do—is hardly any answer at all. It is a little like outlawing poverty and then expecting the poor suddenly to vanish. The price of doing nothing, on the other hand, is to stick with the present welfare system, and no one is inclined to do that anymore. □

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SR REVIEWS Books

Marx is in the Eye of the Beholder

BY SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

ON REVOLUTION

by Karl Marx
edited and translated
by Saul K. Padover

McGraw-Hill, 682 pp., $17.50

In the century since Karl Marx died, his most fundamental assumption about politics and social change has been decisively refuted by history. Marx said that in advanced industrial societies, where possibilities for further economic growth were exhausted, the working class would replace capitalism with a socialist system. Revolutionary socialist movements have not come to power in any industrial society. In a number of preindustrial societies, of course, revolutionary socialist (Communist) movements have seized power, but they have largely been dominated by members of the intelligentsia and backed by the peasantry. Marx specifically denied that the peasants could constitute a self-conscious revolutionary class, and his description of their limitation in "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon" is ironically prescient of the situation of peasants in Communist Russia and China: "They cannot represent themselves, they must be represented. Their representative must at the same time appear as their master, as an authority over them, an unlimited governmental power which protects them from the other classes and sends them rain and sunshine from above. The political influence of the small-holding peasants, therefore, finds its final expression in the executive power which subordinates society to itself."

The inadequacy of Marx's theory in anticipating the character of revolutionary politics has obviously not prevented him from becoming the symbolic source of successive waves of revolutionary protest around the world. Movements claiming to be Marxist exist in almost every country, although they are as divided among themselves as are the followers of Jesus. And along with the deification of Marx as *the* revolutionary theorist has come an enormous industry seeking to interpret and elaborate what Marx really meant or to explicate his approach to contemporary times. The interest in Marx's work has led to the publication of quantities of his manuscripts, preliminary drafts, and personal correspondence that he never saw fit to print in his lifetime. While the publication of such material will be put to good use by historians and biographers, much of it has been misused by "Marxists" to demonstrate that their particular political line is true to the revolutionary prophet—to some thought Marx had as a young man, to an idea in an unpublished first draft, or to a theory that crops up in his correspondence.

Marx has been denied the courtesy of deciding what is Marxism. The distortion of his thought, from his own perspective, began during his lifetime. After reading articles and books written by various young socialists, who sought to relate narrow aspects of thought, culture, and behavior to economic interests, Marx made his famous statement that if these works were Marxism, then "I am not a Marxist." His closest friend and intellectual collaborator, Friedrich Engels, was to reiterate this complaint for many years after Marx's death, denouncing young radicals who used the Marxist materialistic conception "as an excuse for *not* studying history":

> In general the word *materialistic* serves many of the younger writers in Germany as a mere phrase with which anything and everything is labeled without further study; they stick on this label and then think the question is disposed of. But our conception of history is above all a guide to study, not a lever for construction after the manner of the Hegelians. All history must be studied afresh, the conditions of existence of the different formations of society must be individually examined before the attempt is made to deduce from them the political, civil-legal, esthetic, philosophic, religious, etc., notions corresponding to them. . . .

Marx sought to distinguish his thought from other variants of socialism current in his day by pointing out that his was "scientific"—i.e., based on serious, empirical scholarship, which sought to test hypotheses against empirical evidence. Latter-day "Marxists" have changed his thought from a set of scientific hypotheses to a body of dogma. In so doing they ignore a basic aspect of all scientific work, that increasing knowledge inevitably outmodes the most significant propositions, that the most creative theorist must hope and expect to have his work incorporated in a more comprehensive theory developed by his successors. (Only Bibles, holy literature, and moral

Seymour Martin Lipset, professor of government and sociology at Harvard, wrote *Rebellion in the University* (1972) and, with Earl Raab, *The Politics of Unreason.*

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Delacroix's "Liberty Guiding the People"—Marx opposed "creating the conditions for revolution" through confrontation tactics.

philosophy continue to be read as sources of basic truths.) This fundamental assumption about the characteristics of a science was recently reiterated by a Soviet "critical intellectual," the biologist Zhores Medvedev, in terms that apply equally well to many Western Marxists as to the ideologists of the Soviet Communist party. Medvedev argued that applying such concepts as "ideological deviation" and charging thinkers with being un-Marxist demonstrates the fact that those who think in these categories are being neither scientific nor scholarly:

> Scientifically speaking, it is senseless and absurd. If ideology is a science, if Marxism-Leninism is a science, then any criticism of any proposition in these sciences is also a science and not a "deviation." In any science, if it is not a collection of empty dogmas, certain propositions are continually going out of date and need to be replaced, new ideas, new propositions are always appearing in connection with new circumstances, new conditions, new relationships.

On Revolution is the most recent of numerous collections of Marx's writings aimed at the market created by the renewed wave of university-based radical activism in the mid-Sixties. Its editor, Saul Padover, who does not claim to be a Marxist, is to be complimented for his diligence in distilling Marx's writings on the subject of revolution, and in ordering them chronologically and by the countries to which they apply, namely, France, Germany, and Spain. With the exception of his brief introduction and sketches of the histories of the three countries, Padover does not interfere with the reader's drawing of his own conclusions.

Most striking in Marx's writings about revolutionary politics is the lack of materials dealing with Britain. Marx, of course, was not unfamiliar with or uninterested in Britain, where he lived for more than thirty years. His economic writings, in *Das Kapital* and elsewhere, deal exhaustively with the British scene, since in his lifetime the United Kingdom was the capitalist industrial country par excellence. But, in spite of his assumption that the more developed the capitalism, the greater the potential for working-class politics and revolution, Marx recognized that the action was elsewhere—primarily in France, but also in other, then less-developed regions of Europe. And as a historian and analyst of revolutionary action, he wrote about these areas.

Marx's explanation for the deviation between theoretical expectation and political reality in England fell outside of his theoretical system. He referred to the incapacity of the English to think in theoretical terms and to draw general conclusions from experience, and argued, simply, that the international movement would have to bring to Britain, the most advanced capitalist

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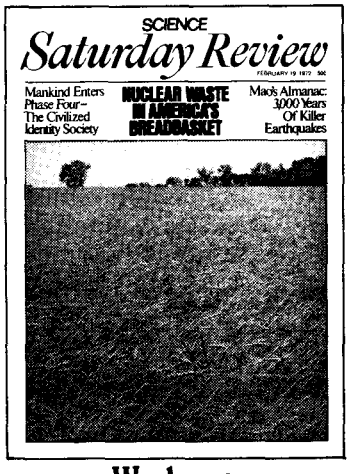
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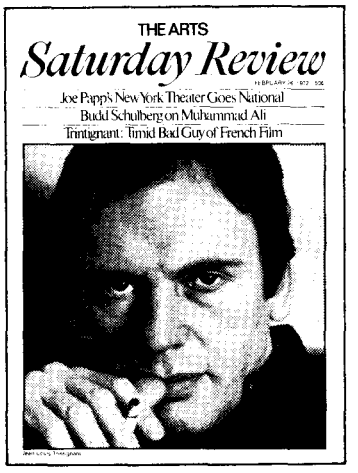
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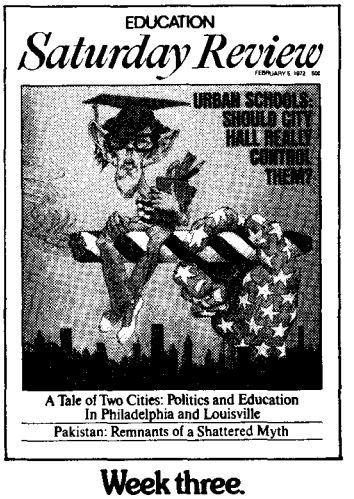
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country, ideas and programs formulated elsewhere. He was not averse to hoping that international wars would enhance the influence of those who recognized the worth of his thinking. In a letter to Engels (July 20, 1870) during the Franco-Prussian War, Marx described the conditions that would increase the influence of his thought:

The French need a thrashing. If the Prussians win, the centralization of state power will be useful for the centralization of the German working class. German predominance would also transfer the center of gravity of the workers' movement in Western Europe from France to Germany, and one has only to compare the movement in the two countries from 1866 until now to see that the German working class is superior to the French both theoretically and organizationally. Their predominance over the French on the world stage would mean at the same time the predominance of *our* theory over Proudhon's, etc.

Marx sometimes made errors of evaluation or changed his mind. As a revolutionary activist, he could describe an event in politically useful terms and later admit that it had not been as he had thought. In another letter to Engels, on September 6, 1870, he attacked the French branch of the International for wanting to "commit . . . stupidities in the name of the International. 'They' want to overthrow the provisional government, establish a commune in Paris. . . ." Then, in a eulogistic monograph on the Paris Commune, published on behalf of the International after the Commune collapsed, Marx described it as "essentially a working-class government," as one that would have established communism. Many subsequent Marxists, including Lenin, drew major conclusions about the political potential of the working class from the monograph. Yet, in a private letter written in 1881, Marx was to admit that the Paris Commune "was merely the rising of a city under exceptional conditions; the majority of the Commune was in no way socialistic and could not be."

In evaluating the prospects for revolution, Marx was severely antagonistic to the plans of revolutionaries to speed up the processes of social change by creating the conditions for revolution through what we today call confrontation tactics. He strongly criticized the approach taken by the French radical Auguste Blanqui, who believed that revolutionary action would be inaugurated by groups of *déclassé* intellectuals and students who, through the use of terrorism, would compel authority to become increasingly repressive, thus stimulating the masses into action. Marx argued that such efforts expressed contempt for the masses and reflected the frustrations of elitist revolutionaries who sought to advance themselves, not the proletariat:

Their business consists precisely in forestalling the revolutionary process, in driving it artificially toward crisis, in making a revolution extempore, without a condition for revolution. For them the only condition for revolution is the sufficient organization of their conspiracy. . . . Occupied with such projects, they have no other aim than to overthrow the next government, and have the deepest contempt for theoretical elucidation of the working class and its interests. . . . The main characteristic of the conspirators' lives is their struggle with the police, to whom they have exactly the same relationship as thieves and prostitutes. The police force tolerates the conspiracies, and not merely as a necessary evil; it tolerates them as easily watched centers where the most violent revolutionary elements of society assemble. . . .

Given the inappropriateness of much of Marx's basic theory of change to latter-day conditions, what explains his place as the charismatic figure of the revolutionary movements of this century? Marx unwittingly supplied a major part of the answer in a letter he wrote in 1881, shortly before his death: "The dream of the imminent destruction of the world inspired the early Christians in their struggle with the Roman world empire and gave them a certainty of victory." Marx has performed that same function for the revolutionary movements. Marxist "scientific socialism" projected the "inevitable" triumph of the proletarian revolution. Marx assured all who would listen that the materialistic god of history was on their side, that they could not lose. And from Montevideo to Hue, from Greenwich Village to Milan, young people are ready to die for the new utopia; they're assured by the Prophet Karl that they cannot lose and by their inner needs that they are living in the days of the Messiah, when one must leave one's parents and give up all claim to wealth if one would sit in heaven. No other revolutionary theorist has been willing to give the assurance that victory is certain.

The analogy of Marxism with Christianity, while—like most analogies—somewhat strained, was drawn by the second Marxist prophet, Friedrich Engels. Writing in the 1890s, he saw "notable points of resemblance" between early Christianity and the revolutionary movement, particularly in their millenarian appeals and social base. Engels commented that "all the elements that had been set free, i.e., at a loose end, by the dissolution of the old world came one after the other into the orbit of [early] Christianity . . . [as today they] throng to the working-class parties in all countries . . . opponents of inoculation, supporters of abstemiousness, vegetarians, anti-vivisectionists, nature-healers, free-community preachers whose communities have fallen to pieces, authors of new theories on the origin of the universe, unsuccessful or unfortunate inventors, victims of real or imagined injustice . . . honest fools and dishonest swindlers."

Following up on the analogy of Marx and Engels, it may be suggested that the reason for the enormous industry associated with every word that Marx wrote is clear: Religious believers must have access to all the words and thoughts of God through his ex-cathedra spokesman. The faithful will be comforted to know that *On Revolution* is the first volume of a thirteen-volume series (including one of personal and family letters) that will take many years to complete. Mr. Padover, says his publisher, is also writing a two-volume biography of Marx. Our cup overfloweth. □

COUNTERREVOLUTION AND REVOLT
by Herbert Marcuse
Beacon, 138 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Sanche de Gramont

What is the chance for revolution in the United States? Dr. Herbert Marcuse believes that revolution is inevitable, that capitalism produces its own gravediggers. Bypassing the standard Marxist blueprint for the seizure of state power by the proletariat, he finds the seeds of revolt in the system's very success in satisfying the material needs of an integrated working class: "The historical locus of the revolution is that stage of development where the satisfaction of basic needs creates needs which transcend the state capitalist and state socialist society. In the growth of these needs are the radically new impulses of revolution."

With two cars in the garage and the mortgage paid up, Mr. and Mrs. Middle Class can transcend the consumer society. Mr. Middle Class can start worrying about pollution, and Mrs. Middle Class can campaign for Women's Liberation and develop concern about the quality of her life. But how does this overthrow the system?

Marcuse sees the New Left as the force that will give revolutionary content to these new aspirations. The role

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of the New Left is to militate for the counterculture, to reject the performance principle and the puritan ethic, and to affirm the rights of nature, of women, and of the new sensibility.

While Marcuse asserts that capitalism will be destroyed by the needs it has created but cannot satisfy, he offers little to explain how the revolution is to come about. He regards the university as a training base for countercadres. He half-heartedly endorses violence: "The desperate act, doomed to failure, may for a brief moment tear the veil of justice and expose the faces of brutal suppression. . . . One is thrown back to the inhuman calculus which an inhuman society imposes: weighing the number of victims and the quantity of their sacrifice against the expected (and reasonably expectable) achievements."

This analysis seems to me a fundamental misreading of American capitalist society, which is more resilient and absorbent than Marcuse admits. The paradox of American society is that, on the one hand, the repressive apparatus is too efficient to permit revolutionary action, while, on the other hand, avenues of peaceful change are left open. Radical groups are thus led to work within existing institutions rather than to court destruction through violent revolutionary action. The Black Panthers, whose program of armed action failed, now support the caucus of black congressmen. Whom do the corporations fear most—the Weathermen or Ralph Nader? In the United States the only successful political subversives are those who have realized that they can achieve their goals without revolution. By the same token, they are retrieved by the system.

Are radicals being spawned by the hippie movement, as Marcuse would have us believe? I doubt it. The seedbed of radicalism is the Establishment. There are secret radicals in the State Department. Daniel Ellsberg is not the only contributor to the Pentagon Papers to have been radicalized. And John Gerassi, another revolutionary theorist and author of *The Coming of the New International*, was radicalized as a Latin American correspondent first for *Time*, then for *Newsweek*.

Conversely, hippie protest has deviated into nonpolitical forms. Doing your thing does not necessarily mean digging the grave of capitalism. As Eldridge Cleaver knew when he punched Timothy Leary in Algiers, the drug culture saps the revolution. The clowns and the mind expanders could not have done a better job had they been hired by the late J. Edgar Hoover. The communes, which Marcuse calls possible cells for the New Left, have turned away from political activism to explore the labyrinth of the extended family. Their rallying cry, "there is no way to go but in," gives priority to personal over political change. Marcuse laments the isolation of the New Left and its lack of *esprit de serieux*, but he sees this as a passing stage "expressive of the social structure of advanced capitalism."

The New Left program that Marcuse describes, however, with its nonmaterial goals, its awareness of ecology and women's rights, its nonaggressive sensibility, sounds remarkably like Senator George McGovern's political platform. American society confounds its gravediggers by borrowing their shovels. The counterculture, from sexual revolution to acid rock, is packaged and marketed for fun and profit. The New Left suffers not from isolation but from overexposure.

The news media shrug at the distinction between revolutionary and counterrevolutionary. They make Lieutenant Calley into an Abélard, but his Héloise is Angela Davis. They turn the judicial process on its head, so that the Berrigan trial becomes the trial of FBI informant Boyd Douglas. Is this the fossilized, monolithic system Marcuse says is ripe for revolution? It is true that he warns that "the next revolution will be the concern of generations, and 'the final crisis of capitalism' may take all but a century." By that time, little phosphorescent men with antennae may be governing us, making revolution interplanetary.

Dr. Marcuse also presents us with the revolution's muse, the liberated woman, a contemporary model of eighteenth-century natural man. "It is the woman who 'embodies,' in a literal sense, the promise of peace, of joy, of the end of violence," he writes. Marcuse sees these female qualities as socially determined. Isolation from the alienated work world of capitalism has enabled woman to remain less brutalized by the performance principle, to remain closer to her sensibility. This "natural woman" holds the promise of liberation, like the woman in the Delacroix painting who holds the flag of revolution.

Is there such a woman? I doubt it. The evidence shows that when women are cast in the roles that have made men aggressive, they shed their natural compassion. Would we have peace with lady chiefs of state? The examples of Indira Gandhi and Golda Meir suggest the contrary. The radical Women's Liberation groups I have observed cultivate their own brand of *machismo*, as clannish and tough-talking as a locker room's. Ethnological works on matrilinear societies (e.g., Malinowsky's study of the Tobriand Islanders) show that they are not less aggressive than male-dominated societies; the only major difference seems to be a greater sexual permissiveness.

In a final chapter Dr. Marcuse reviews the connection between art and revolution. In describing "the antagonistic unity" of politics and art, he is at his best. "Art," he writes, "cannot submit to the actual requirements of the revolution without denying itself." Those who try to fuse art and radical politics, as do the members of the Living Theater, fail either as artists or as radicals. But, Marcuse adds, although art "cannot change reality" and thus has nothing to do with social progress, the artist has his part in the revolution because he is the natural enemy of the state. In the Soviet Union writers are interned, and abstract art is banned. The artist can become a weapon in the class struggle by promoting changes in the prevailing consciousness. "Permanent esthetic subversion," writes Marcuse, "this is the way of art."

But if the artist is a subversive, then he is also an enemy of revolution. He may join a movement or fight on the barricades, but he will not simplify issues, worship leaders, write slogans, overlook injustice, or shut up on command. He is the one member of society no political movement can absorb. Revolutionary movements are at best uneasy in the presence of artists; at their worst, they destroy them.

Finally, I would like to comment briefly on Marcuse's style. Too often, the relation between his thought and his written English is like that between a horse and a hurdle. Sentences such as the following betray a mind irremediably circuited for German syntax: "Regressive are, not the emotions of the working class family, but the idea to make them into a standard for authentic radical and socialist literature."

Counterrevolution and Revolt consists mainly of lectures delivered at Princeton and the New School for Social Research. Written with the help of a grant from the Hartford Arts Foundation, it was published under the auspices of the Unitarian Universalist Association. Does all this suggest that Marcuse, too, has been absorbed by the society whose demise he confidently predicts?

Sanche de Gramont covered Third World revolutions for ten years as a foreign correspondent.

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WIT TWISTER NO. 274

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Tom first risked nickels in a ————, to see

If luck would bless him more than industry.

He then risked ———— and houses when he played,

And ————— at last the fortune he had made.

A.S.

(Answer on page 64)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1509

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1509 will be found in the next issue.

MP MW QSNI WDEQIBZH PS AMWPNZWP SZN BNMIJAW PDEJ MP MW PS CI AIGIMRIA CX PDIQ.

HE NSGDIBSZGEZHA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1508

Advertising is a valuable economic factor because it is the cheapest way of selling goods, especially if the goods are worthless.
Sinclair Lewis

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1d (*Oresteia*), 2h (*Moby Dick*), 3g (*Richard III*), 4k (*Brave New World*), 5i (*Kipling*), 6j (*Last of the Mohicans*), 71 (*Webster*), 8c, 9e (*Sherlock Holmes*), 10b, 11a, 12f (*Hairy Ape*).

THE NEW TSARS: Russia Under Stalin's Heirs

by John Dornberg

Doubleday, 470 pp., $10

Reviewed by Barry Mendel Cohen

During the business session of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies meeting held in Dallas last March, a petition was circulated to protest Soviet literary censorship and the imprisonment or psychiatric detention of a number of prominent Russian intellectuals. Although the petition was presented to some 200 persons, only sixty-five scholars signed it. Many of those who refused did so because "things are better in the U.S.S.R. since de-Stalinization." It is to that misconception that John Dornberg's book is addressed.

Before going to Moscow in March 1968, Dornberg swore never to write a book about Russia. ("... one more book on Russia, I felt, would not only be presumptuous but would require considerable justification.") Why did he change his mind? ". . . I became aware that knowledge of the significant changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. since Nikita Khrushchev's fall is surprisingly limited. It required about eight years after Khrushchev's famous speech denouncing Stalin in 1956 for the notion of a changed, more liberal . . . Soviet Union to become imbedded in the public consciousness of the West. . . . In the seven years since his [Khrushchev's] political demise, hope has again faded in that tormented and unhappy land. But the fact of this retrogressive transformation has not really yet reached the West." Such is the background of the *The New Tsars.*

Who is the author? Since leaving Germany in 1939 with his parents, John Dornberg has become an important American journalist. He has served as *Newsweek*'s bureau chief for Eastern Europe, and before being assigned to Moscow he had published *The Other Germany*, a work dealing with East Germany. [See *SR*, July 13, 1968.]

Dornberg's experience served him well in Moscow. Curious and perceptive, he obtained an impressive amount of information. Also, he became friends with two important Soviet intellectuals, General Peter Grigorenko and Andrei Amalrik, both of whom are now in confinement. Dornberg's conversations with these courageous and eloquent dissenters are a valuable contribution to his book.

The New Tsars has not only a purpose but also a thesis and a pervasive mood. The thesis is simple: "De-Stalinization was to Khrushchev's rise what 're-Stalinization' was to his fall." In a series of fifty films on Soviet history shown in 1967, the author reports, Stalin was seen twelve times while Khrushchev never appeared on the screen. The mood Dornberg experienced was one of isolation. He discovered, for example, that the Soviet Union imports 240 copies of four Western non-Communist newspapers. They are, however, "for sale *only* in the large Intourist hotels of Moscow and Leningrad, where newsstand operators are under strict orders to keep the papers under the counter—like pornography—and never sell them to Soviet citizens—only foreigners. . . . Even foreign Communist newspapers are [on occasion] banned from public sale." And the Leningrad newspaper, *Leningradskaya Pravda,* is unavailable in Moscow and cannot even be subscribed to by the foreign press corps.

Dornberg describes a number of Soviet reactions to such rigid controls. The heroes of the Strugatsky brothers' science fiction novel *Inhabited Island* are, for example, not conformist achievers but the dissident "Freaks." Dornberg neatly summarizes *Inhabited Island*: ". . . All citizens, except the 'Freaks,' accept unquestioningly the false picture of the world promulgated by the Unknown Fathers. The Freaks . . . are the only people who can see through the pervasive official propaganda. . . . an underground resistance movement, [they] are hounded by the secret police, arrested, tortured to confess, tried in kangaroo courts. . . . But as a tiny minority, they do not really count. The populace . . . accepts . . . the Unknown Fathers as the repository of political wisdom, though all the Fathers are interested in is perpetuation of their own power." Dornberg notes that secondhand copies of the two brothers' often severely criticized books "bring high prices on the gray market."

The New Tsars reports actual events that are almost as bizarre as the Strugatskys' science fiction. It also deals with the larger issues of life in the Soviet Union. The author gives considerable attention to the nationality question and to the condition of the Jews, provides us with character and personality portraits of many Soviet leaders, and devotes an exceptionally fine chapter to Soviet drama.

Dornberg writes in a brisk, although somewhat bumpy, style. Readers will find *The New Tsars* informative and entertaining—a rare combination for a work on such a somber subject.

Barry Mendel Cohen, a specialist in Russian studies, is professor of history at Chowan College, Murfreesboro, North Carolina.

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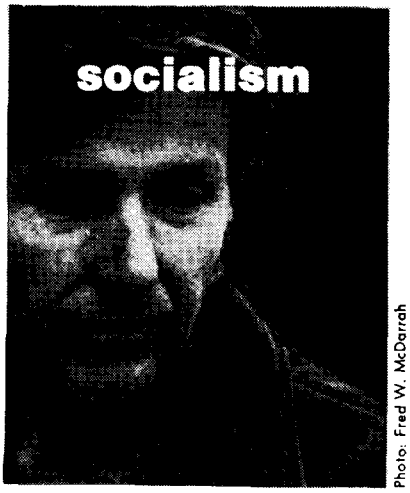

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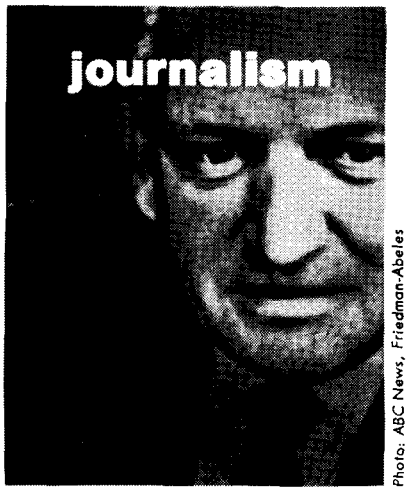

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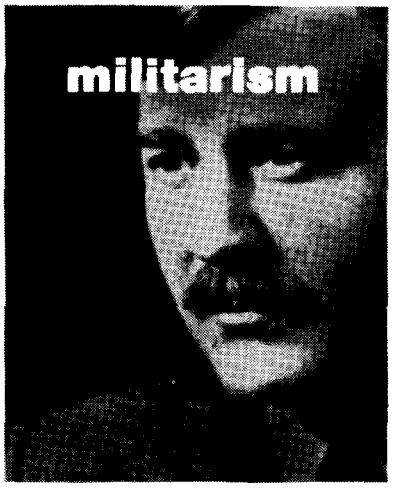

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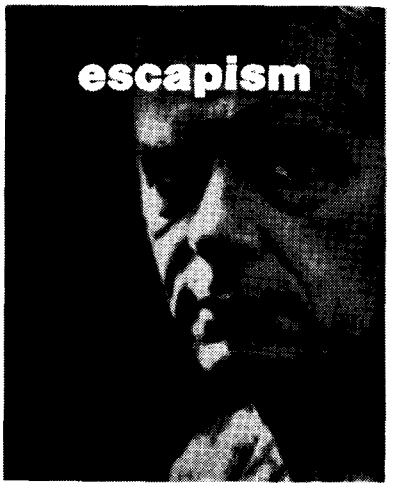

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A CERTAIN DEMOCRAT:
Senator Henry M. Jackson,
A Political Biography
by William W. Prochnau and
Richard W. Larsen
Prentice-Hall, 360 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Louis W. Koenig

A standard, time-honored accouterment of a presidential election is the campaign biography. The supply of these works is bountiful; none, however, holds a significant place in the Republic's literature. Traditionally, the biographies are rapidly produced, are so grossly adulatory that they would seem to have been written by the candidate's mother or his manager, and are a sideline of authors who devote themselves to other, more important pursuits. Lew Wallace, accordingly, is justly remembered for *Ben Hur* rather than for his inflatedly heroic presentation of the bland, modestly talented Benjamin Harrison.

As an elective office, the presidency has required its candidates to fit a well-defined mold. Typically, they emerge from solid middle-class or upper-middle-class backgrounds; as a rule their fathers are professionals, proprietors, officials, and farmers rather than low-salaried workers, servants, or farm laborers. This year's Democratic presidential candidates do full honor to tradition. With the notable exceptions of Shirley Chisholm and George C. Wallace, who are not represented in the current crop of biographies, they come from comparatively privileged social backgrounds. George McGovern's father was a Methodist minister, and Hubert Humphrey's was the proprietor of a drugstore. A special case, perhaps, is Henry Jackson's father, who, after years as a laborer in an Anaconda smelter and on concrete jobs, became his own boss, contracting for small jobs. Edmund Muskie's father, a Polish immigrant, worked for a tailor, until, having developed a reputation for excellence, he opened his own shop.

Like candidates of old, today's candidates are better educated than the general body of their fellow citizens. All are college graduates, and some have advanced degrees. McGovern is even a double professional; he prepared for the ministry but, during a stint as a student minister, was turned off by the heavy demands for hand holding from those of his flock who were bowed by life's burdens. Thereupon he turned to graduate study at Northwestern and became a college history teacher. Jackson and Muskie are lawyers, the profession most represented among presidential candidates.

BOOK BUSINESS

BY ALAN GREEN

Being a scholarly type, I thought I knew by heart all the dialogue from the Marx Brothers' movies. Now I learn that I never even heard one of the funniest lines in *A Night at the Opera* and one of George Kaufman's better efforts. It was cut after two sneak previews because the laughs it got obscured the final lines of the movie. Harpo and Chico dash from the wings, interrupting an aria. They are closely followed by the police. From a stage box, Groucho calmly watches the chase. "Either there are cops in *Il Trovatore*," he tells the *grande dame* next to him, "or the jig is up."

This Kaufmania—and much more—is found in Howard Teichmann's *George S. Kaufman*, which Atheneum is publishing later this month. Teichmann wrote *The Solid Gold Cadillac* with Kaufman and was close to him in the last years of his life. Teichmann spent many years researching the Kaufman era (1889-1961) and his life as columnist, theatrical reporter, drama critic, playwright, play doctor, actor, stage director, screenwriter, television personality, hypochondriac, tabloid-chronicled lover, expert bridge and croquet player, not to mention master of the biting witticism.

As a youth, Kaufman contributed to FPA's "The Conning Tower." Later he was a prominent—but picky—eater at the Algonquin Round Table. Kaufman wrote, mostly in collaboration, forty-five plays, of which twenty-seven were hits; won Pultizer Prizes for *Of Thee I Sing* and *You Can't Take It with You*; directed dozens of plays, including *The Front Page* and, with Hart, *Once in a Lifetime* (in which Kaufman also acted). In addition to Teichmann and Hart, Kaufman had fourteen other collaborators, including Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Ring Lardner, and John Marquand.

Kaufman's words were read as well as heard. The Modern Library edition of *Six Plays by Kaufman and Hart* has sold 74,000 copies. Some of the paperback editions published by Dramatists Play Service have gone over 300,000. He was a frequent contributor to *Saturday Review* and *The New Yorker*. He devoured books, especially liking Tarkington, Shaw, and anyone who described Nazism's downfall. He was the most prudish of Don Juans, the moodiest of wits, a hypochondriac who drove himself to the limits of endurance. All his life he feared death but outlives it now in his work and in Teichmann's brilliant biography.

Putnam is about to publish *To Race the Wind*, the story by Harold Krents of his life to date. Krents is still in his twenties, and, if you don't immediately recognize his name, you might wonder that one so young has already lived a book-length life. Blind at birth, he gained some vision only to lose it permanently in boyhood. At twenty-one he graduated *cum laude* from Harvard. In 1970 he emerged from Harvard Law School with a brilliant record, a job with a prominent Washington law firm, and a scholarship for a year's study at University College, Oxford. With his lovely, sighted wife, he's at Oxford now, and his tutor is Sir Rupert Cross, the distinguished law professor who himself is blind. A few years ago Krents was notified that his draft board, in a miracle of confusion, had classified him 1-A. "I'll go if I can be a navigator or a bombardier," he responded. Then he repeated the comment on a radio interview show, to which a screenwriter named Leonard Gershe happened to be listening. Gershe later met Krents and was eventually inspired to write a stage play about a blind young man on his own in New York, meeting what others would consider a crippling affliction with wit and high spirits. The play, of course, is *Butterflies Are Free*, which is now in its thirty-second month on Broadway and is about to be released as a movie starring Eddie Albert, Jr., and Goldie Hawn. As technical adviser to the film, Harold trained young Eddie Albert—as he had previously trained Keir Dullea of the stage version—to play the blind youth.

Ever notice how a number of books on a subject that hasn't been written

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In accordance with the trend of recent years, all the candidates dealt with in these biographies either are or have been U.S. senators. None has been a governor, long the most-used stepping-stone to the presidency. More than ever before, the careers of some of these rivals have been closely intertwined. Humphrey and Muskie, of course, headed the 1968 Democratic ticket. Humphrey and McCarthy briefly joined forces against more radical factions in the savage struggle for control of Minnesota's Democratic Farmer-Labor party in the Forties; they were uncompromising adversaries in the 1968 national campaign. In their younger days McGovern and Humphrey were next-door neighbors, and historian Arthur Link has likened the relation that flourished between them to that of father and son, with Humphrey in the former role and doing most of the talking. In McGovern he had one of his most receptive listeners in Congress. As the Vietnam War heated up, the relationship cooled, although Humphrey arranged an interview for McGovern with President Johnson to argue his views on the war —a step that, McGovern is convinced, hurt Humphrey with the President.

Unlike Lew Wallace, today's biographers approach their subjects with a degree of the critical spirit. How, in their biographies, do the respective candidates shape up as presidential prospects? Concerning Hubert Humphrey, Albert Eisele, Washington correspondent of the Ridder Newspapers, in an acute, hard-headed dual biography of Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy, acknowledges the presence of faults. Humphrey talks too much, to the point that once, after promising to be brief, he spoke for forty-five minutes. His high forehead, darting eyes, snapping mouth, and somewhat bulky figure prompt some political pundits to question whether he really looks like a president, a doubt that apparently did not afflict his supporters in 1968, who brought him within an eyelash of defeating Richard Nixon.

More positively, Humphrey is seen as a sensitive, constructive leader,

about for years suddenly appear in a single season? Ladislas Farago's *The Game of the Foxes* (McKay) was published just a week or so before *The Double Cross System* by John Masterson (Yale). Both tell of Nazi spies in World War II who were turned into double agents against themselves and against their wills. General Gehlen is the subject of four current books. His autobiography, *The Service,* was published by World last week. In April *The General Was a Spy*. Höhne and Zolling's story of the same German officer, was issued by Coward, McCann & Geohegan. In March Random published E. H. Cookridge's *Gehlen: Spy of the Century,* and Ballantine brought out Charles Whiting's *Gehlen: Germany's Master Spy*.

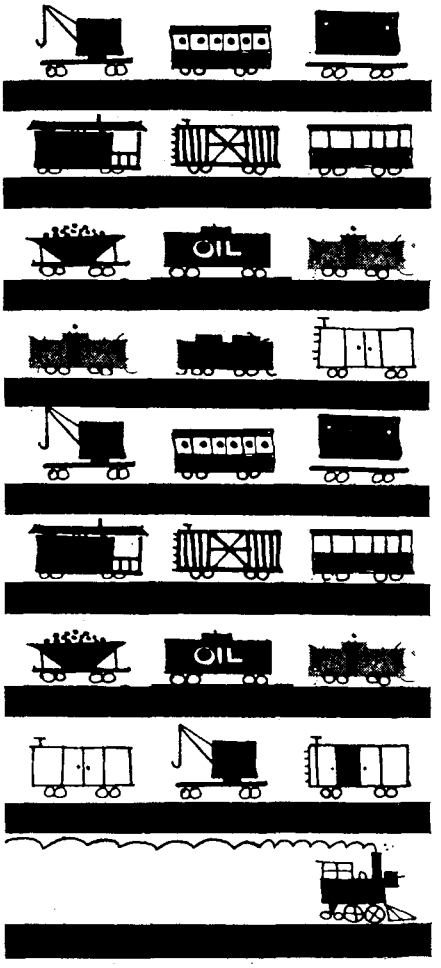
If you think this constellation was the result of Gehlen's newsworthiness, how do you account for the interest in James McNeill Whistler, who hasn't made a front page in years? In February Doubleday published *The Passing Dream,* Ted Berkman's novel about the artist, and in April Simon & Schuster brought out *I, James McNeill Whistler,* a novel in autobiographical form by Lawrence Williams. So it goes. Putnam published Lee Israel's *Tallulah* in the same month that Pyramid issued *Tallulah, Darling* by Denis Brian. Then, with similar titles, similar subjects, and identically first-named authors, we have *The Summer Game,* Roger Angell's brilliant you-are-there report-

age (Viking), and *The Boys of Summer,* Roger Kahn's fond memoir of the Brooklyn Dodgers (Harper & Row).

Then, too, books on different subjects with matching titles are published concurrently. *The Game of the Foxes* was followed by *Hide Fox, and All After,* Rafael Yglesias's novel from Doubleday, which also published George Garrett's *The Death of the Fox.*

All of which somehow leads to the following true story:

In 1965 Robin Lee Graham, sixteen, sailed from California in his sloop, *Dove,* on a solo, round-the-world voyage. In five years of storms and calms, loneliness and despair, breathless adventure and magic landfalls, he completed the circumnavigation. Along the way, in the Fiji Islands, he met a girl from California. They fell in love, then he sailed away, and finally they were rejoined and married. This month, Harper & Row will publish Graham's account of these events, but not under his original title, *Dove Story.* Although titles can't be copyrighted, the law protects a recent success against infringement. (If you call your book about the bicycle business *Wheels,* Arthur Hailey and Doubleday will make you wish you hadn't. But your biography of the Marquis de Sade entitled *Weals* will pass.) Harper & Row has prevailed on Graham to shorten his title to *Dove,* not only because of the legal problem—they also happen to be Erich Segal's publisher. □



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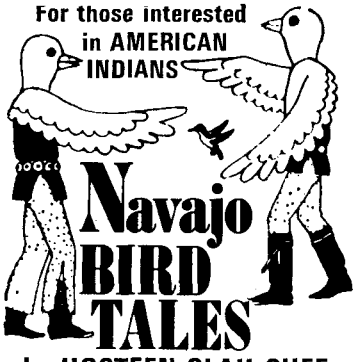

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thoroughly versed in the arts of compromise and conciliation. Humphrey's credentials of successful executive experience include his stint as mayor of Minneapolis where, despite limited powers, he brought law and order to a crime-ridden city and dealt successfully with serious educational and racial problems. As U.S. senator, he compiled a solid record for innovation, a wanted skill for a problem-ridden nation in the Seventies. Among other things, his early proposals included what more than a decade later became Medicare, and he introduced the "impacted areas" school aid bill and other federal aid to education proposals enacted in the Fifties. For the epochal civil rights legislation of 1964, Humphrey led the first successful fight against a southern civil rights filibuster.

In a shrewd and informing study, Robert Sam Anson, correspondent for *Time* magazine, scrutinizes George McGovern, who solidly occupies the left-of-center domain among the candidates. The senator offers qualities that should prove reassuring to supporters of that persuasion, who are sometimes betrayed after their candidate becomes President. One close observer of McGovern is impressed that what makes him run is not money or ambition but "George's conviction that he has a message, and that it is worth hearing." Intellectually self-confident, to a degree that borders on arrogance, McGovern is the assured possessor of a set of beliefs. To reporters he provides answers as soon as their questions are finished, and rarely is there any qualification. The words are plain and direct, uncommon attributes in public life today. Everything seems to fit into McGovern's conceptual framework. To him politics is essentially a moral endeavor, and he sees its outcomes in almost apocalyptic dimensions, as many of his statements on the Vietnam War bear witness.

For the more liberal Democrats, McGovern is not without risk. He also has his intervals of pragmatism and is not, Mr. Anson finds, completely guileless or unwilling to make minor adjustments. On occasion he has trimmed back his statements on Vietnam. He draws the line at certain steps that today are part of some activist norms. In 1970 he firmly disassociated himself from the more radical Left by declaring that "the rock throwers, hecklers, and bomb throwers are enemies of us all." Again, the senator rejected as "counterproductive" Rennie Davis's Mayday Movement of 1971 and its plans for a week-long campaign of nonviolent civil disobedience in Washington, D.C.

In his perceptive, candid study of former front-runner Edmund Muskie, *Life* reporter David Nevin sees his subject as one who very much fits the required specifications of Maine politics, who is cautious in judgment, who applies good sense to immediate things, rejects extremes, and shuns pretentiousness. Maine folk value Muskie's thoroughness and hard work, his readiness with an alternative policy if another is rejected, and his candor, which is often introspective and self-revealing. But Muskie can also be highly emotional, and he has a strong temper. "He could peel a man when he really cut loose," an associate has said.

In his involvements with developing public policies, Muskie lacks Humphrey's range. His specialty is pollution legislation, but his readiness for compromise stirred the ire of Ralph Nader. Nevertheless, Muskie's are the strongest antipollution bills that Congress has passed to date. In building his national reputation on subjects that are not of primary interest to his Maine constituency, Muskie has concentrated on Model Cities legislation and federal assumption of welfare costs. He has maintained his credentials with moderate Democratic liberals by voting to cut the military budget and by opposing both the ABM and the SST.

In their skillful study of Henry M. Jackson, William Prochnau and Richard Larsen see the junior senator from Washington as the last of the Cold War liberals—a man who views the Russians with deep suspicion, while voting steadily for progressive domestic measures. Quiet, methodical, and tenacious in his views, Jackson has long been derided by Democratic doves as "the senator from Boeing." Everyone agrees that Jackson is a national security specialist, but the evaluations of his performance differ, with an admiring Richard Nixon hailing his prowess to the point of once offering him the post of Secretary of Defense, while Senator William Proxmire sees him as semi-hysterical. The presidency is pre-eminently a priority-setting office, and Jackson has made perfectly clear what his priorities are. Although he supports programs for the poor, for the aged, and for other needy citizens, national security comes first for Jackson, and above all "the maintenance of the American nuclear deterrent."

Louis W. Koenig has written on the presidency in *The Chief Executive* and is the author of *Bryan: A Political Biography of William Jennings Bryan.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60: slot, lots, lost.

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In Verdi, Veritas

BY IRVING KOLODIN

In the days of his roaring success as a Broadway showman, the late Billy Rose once conceived of an extravaganza titled *Jumbo*, for which animal acts were at a premium because the show revolved around a circus motif. Among those who turned up at the old Hippodrome, where the auditions were being held, was a trainer with an act that verged on the miraculous. He had, by God knows what persuasion, induced a lion and a lamb to lie down together. "Not bad," commented Billy. "What do they do for an encore?"

Some such thoughts might have crossed the minds of those fortunate enough to have been present for the mammoth gala on April 22 that brought to an end the last week of Sir Rudolf Bing's formal tenure as general manager of the Metropolitan. When it ended, so also ended Bing's final obligation to the subscribers whom he had entertained—to use the term in its most general sense—over a twenty-two-year period. But there remained a nagging, perhaps even nauseating, three-week period in June for which Bing is contractually obligated to keep the theater open and occupied before he can turn the keys of his kingdom over to his successor, Göran Gentele.

How, indeed, do you contrive an encore for a super-gala? In a way Sir Rudolf had painted himself into the very corner that Billy Rose had adroitly avoided. By recourse to a drawerful of uncollected IOUs, a massive amount of ego appeal, and no little Viennese charm, Bing had induced something more than three dozen operatic lions and lambs to forget their hereditary animosities for a night and raise their voices in harmonious togetherness.

Now, however, the lions and the lambs—all forty-one of them—have gone their separate ways, without so much as a farewell flourish of a tail or a prayerful bleat of thanks for being invited. For a realist who has been stalking the big game of the operatic jungle all his adult life, any other outcome would have been as surprising as a letter of thanks from a satisfied music critic.

What Bing has contrived to fill the Met with during June may surprise some appalled by the magnitude of the challenge confronting him. But it will not surprise those acquainted with his pre-New York background. As craftily as he contrived his formal farewell, he already has a history-making encore pending in the wings. Bing, after all, is the man who conceived the first major post-World War II festival in Edinburgh in 1946. Perhaps the outstanding new money-maker in its field, the Edinburgh Festival, on the Bing plan, prospered well enough under other hands to celebrate a twenty-fifth anniversary last August.

It is not really a private secret, and doubtless will be wholly public when his memoirs are published next fall, that he was asked more than once to put his genius for festival planning at the disposal of Lincoln Center, or the Met, or both. His reasons for not doing so then were personal and private. His reasons for doing so now are also personal and emphatically public.

Among them, one may surmise, the mere challenge of accomplishing the impossible has to rank close to the top. Clearly the possibility of presenting the same forty-one stars twenty-two times between June 5 and 22 is beyond even the Bing powers of persuasion. But there is nothing impossible about presenting one star twenty-two times, especially the star named Giuseppe Verdi.

A glance at the imposing schedule of casts, which Bing has whipped up for the seven operas that will constitute his twenty-two-gun final salvo, shows an expectable number of names that have served him well ranging over his twenty-two years, beginning with Robert Merrill and Fedora Barbieri, who shared honors in the first *Don Carlo* on November 6, 1950. But Bing also remains a sufficiently acute judge of operatic fire power to appreciate that new arms sometimes shoot farther and straighter than old. For the last four of the nearly 140 *Rigolettos* Bing has presented in New York he will be offering—beginning on Saturday afternoon, June 10—Joan Sutherland as Gilda, Luciano Pavarotti as the Duke of Mantua, and Sherrill Milnes as Rigoletto, all for the first time at the Metropolitan.

The Verdi legend is replete with tales of ire toward managers who sought to cheat him, with publishers who ventured to trim the personnel promised for a premiere or shave the number of rehearsals he had been promised. It has been measurably extended by a recent compilation edited by Charles Osborne for Holt, Rinehart and Winston, *Letters of Giuseppe Verdi*. Causes for quotation abound on every page, but one comment is irresistible. It is to be found in a letter addressed to his publisher, Giovanni Ricordi, in which, after reviewing all the financial conditions pertaining to a new opera, Verdi stipulates:

> In order to prevent the alterations that theaters make in musical works, it will be forbidden to insert anything into the aforementioned score, to make any cuts, to transpose into different keys, higher or lower, or to make any kind of alteration which would affect the instrumentation. I shall impose a fine of 1,000 francs, which I shall expect you to extract from any theater that makes any such alteration.

A simple exercise of power, it might be assumed, for a composer who had written all or most of the masterpieces included in the Met's Verdi Festival. In fact the letter was actually written on May 20, 1847, long before he had written any of the works to be included in the June Festival, even the early trio of *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, and *Trovatore* that made his fortune. But the magnitude of the man was such that at age thirty-four, with more hopes than accomplishments to his name, he was prepared to survive or fail without sufferance of the insults, barbarisms and abuses that had reduced the great creations of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti to performers' playthings.

If resistance to such indignities meant the rejection of further operas by Giuseppe Verdi, very well, the letter implied, there would be no further operas by Verdi. But if anyone is looking for a date on which the Italian opera composer reclaimed his place of primacy from the performer, he could do worse than to jot down May 20, 1847, as Verdi's personal declaration of artistic independence. What came about in the years that followed is exactly that rare and noble catalogue of masterpieces that can make Bing's last Metropolitan month unique among all in the twenty-two years that preceded it. Who knows? In years to come the encore may be even more fondly remembered than the gala. □

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Theater

That Gentile Good Night

BY HENRY HEWES

In the theater there can be an extraordinary fascination in watching five men drink themselves deeper and deeper into release of the hostility they secretly feel toward each other. And, as anyone who enjoys the TV series *All in the Family* must admit, there is also a remarkably vigorous humor in listening to ignorant and insensitive men spouting bigotry as if their absurd attitudes came from special information available only to a wise elite.

Jason Miller's new play, *That Championship Season,* manages to combine both this fascination and this humor. Four men who once played together on a Pennsylvania high-school championship basketball team are having a reunion at the house of their old coach, presumably to relive the memories of the state championship game, which they won in the final second. However, it turns out that they are also meeting to agree on a team effort to re-elect the present mayor, who happens to be one of the four ex-players.

The mayor, George Sikowski, aptly described by one of the other characters as Bugs Bunny, has raised taxes to the point at which "public opinion wants George back in the insurance business." Furthermore, he allows environmental pollution and the tearing up of friends' speeding tickets at the same time that he boasts about playground facilities and law and order. His new campaign slogan will be: "Four more years of progress and serenity." At the beginning of the play none of his old teammates thinks he has much chance to win against his Jewish opponent, Sharman. "I think we should go easy on Sharman's being Jewish," someone advises. "It could be considered anti-Semitism."

George is of Polish extraction. The other teammates present are Phil Romano, a prosperous strip-miner of Italian parentage who backs George; James Daley, who is Irish-American; and his alcoholic brother, Tom. James is a school principal and also George's campaign manager. Tom, it appears, is not much use in life, but he helps the play enormously because his drunkenness permits him to make devastating comments about everyone. "Go! Gentiles!" says Tom with a smile when he hears the others plotting an unfair attack on Sharman. And he is not only funny but prophetic when he sees these petty, narrow-minded politicians as being as close to extinction as the whooping crane.

The fifth player on the team, whom we never meet, is known only as Martin. And the coach is nameless, a man whose function as the instiller of the winning spirit is so total that there is no other aspect to his personality. He has just survived a cancer operation and, of course, believes that he has won out, although the audience is given reason to suspect that he has not. Just as he coached his basketball players to a dirty victory twenty years back, he now thinks he can get them all to pull together to re-elect the incompetent mayor. Most of the play is devoted to his efforts to patch up their quarrels and to bolster their confidence in their worn-out values. Presumably, the playwright would have us recognize that the bankruptcy and the sickness of these people will take them down to a long-overdue defeat. On the other hand, he also leaves open the possibility that ruthless exercise of the win-at-any-cost philosophy is still strong enough in America to keep mediocrity in power.

The mocking exaggeration of the characters and their vulgarity is extremely obvious, but fortunately A. J. Antoon has encouraged his actors to play characters rather than lines. Charles Durning is paunchily affable as the pompous little mayor. Paul Sorvino, as the "pussy-whipped" Phil, becomes a frightening figure of a man who is aware of the distance between his own merit and the power and status his money brings him. Michael McGuire plays the campaign manager with the utter shabbiness the part calls for. Walter McGinn as Tom is most adroit in the art of snide comment as well as in the art of falling dead drunk down the stairs. And Richard A. Dysart as the sententious old coach makes his inevitable domination of the proceedings a reluctant triumph of self-delusion.

Santo Loquasto's set beautifully suggests the Grand Rapids style that was in vogue when "Teddy Roosevelt took Panama from the spics." This is important because it reinforces the playwright's implication that post-Vietnam America is going to have to re-examine some of the glorious American traditions it has been taking for granted, not only in competitive sports but also in politics and international affairs. Nevertheless, *That Championship Season*'s theatrical effectiveness depends less on thesis than on its free-swinging delineation of a very recognizable kind of nitty-gritty vulgarity.

It is discouraging to note that one of this season's best new plays, *Suggs,* by David Wiltse, has been unable to sustain more than a three-week engagement at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's 299-seat Forum.

The trouble must be the title, because the play itself is neatly crafted, highly entertaining, and presents a more accurate picture of contemporary New York City life than any play I know.

The central character is a young man from Kansas, who has migrated to the metropolis in hopes of making good as a sports announcer. He is also thrilled with all the stimulation and opportunities for pleasure New York City offers. Suggs is extremely amiable, giving money to beggars, accepting a temporary job in a dull office, and putting up with the disappointment of his sexual encounters with single girls proving less exciting than he had anticipated. He is also extremely tolerant of the nuts who walk around in bizarre costumes or compulsively direct traffic. As we watch his progress from cheery, good-natured optimist to lonely, irritable, frustrated nut who goes around pretending to announce basketball games, Suggs talks to the audience in an amusing effort to relate his situation to sociological theory and to explain the decisions the city forces on him.

Amazingly, the playwright keeps this sad disintegration interesting and funny. Furthermore, director Dan Sullivan has encouraged an excellent cast to play the material with a swift-moving lightness. William Atherton is most engaging as the friendly and gentle Suggs, and even his more violent and tragic moments seem casual and temporary. Lee Lawson also keeps matters humorous as she portrays all the girls in Suggs's life. Ralph Bell contributes a splendid running portrait of executive paranoia. All in all, *Suggs* emerges as a thoroughly likable play, and I expect it will surface with another title at some of the resident theaters around the country. □

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Films

The Return Of the Linear Film

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

What, you may ask, is a linear film? The answer is a bit more complicated than Marshall McLuhan would have us believe. *2001: A Space Odyssey,* for example, was a linear film—that is, one telling a story in straightforward progression—but it included as a visual high light a nonlinear trip through space that evoked an intoxicating visceral response from most of its viewers. Many of the so-called underground movies are nonlinear, eschewing conventional story values altogether in favor of impressionistic, often abstract images that project a mood, an ambience, and sometimes even an idea. During the past few years, this has become increasingly à la mode in studio films. The Beatles's *A Hard Day's Night* had almost no story line, but it established an irresistible *joie de vivre* despite some irrational editing and the silly-putty antics of its stars. Films as disparate as *Petulia* and *Persona* retained a story line but juggled time at the whim of the director, and literally dozens of youth-oriented movies in the past few years have attempted to appear "with it" by using this same device. One follows a linear film. One grasps—or trips over—a nonlinear movie.

But yesterday's chic quickly becomes today's old hat. The success a year ago of such unabashedly old-fashioned movies as *Love Story* and *Airport* must have tipped off at least some producers that the tide was turning. In anticipation of the change, they put *The Godfather* and *What's Up, Doc?* into production. Today a fair handful of films indicates that their instincts were right. Topping a recent *Variety* listing of the current box-office favorites are such conventionally linear entries as *The Godfather, The French Connection, The Hospital, The Last Picture Show, Fiddler on the Roof, Dirty Harry,* and *Shaft.* Only the success of *A Clockwork Orange* seems to indicate that the "trip" film is still viable.

Although it is hardly this column's responsibility to gaze into the clouded crystal ball of probable box-office returns, I venture to predict that *Skyjacked*—currently known in Hollywood as "son of *Airport*"—will soon join that profitable list. Based on a novel by David Harper, it seems to have everything going for it. Even as I write, there have been two aerial hijackings in a single week. To cash in on this currency, MGM is rushing out 450 prints of the film for saturation bookings across the country on the Memorial Day weekend, with another mass onslaught scheduled for the Fourth of July holiday. *Skyjacked* will be hard to avoid.

Nor, happily, is there any good reason for avoiding it. It is the simple-minded, suspenseful, well-plotted, linear movie that we all grew up with. (A few flashbacks and fantasy sequences, possibly tossed in to give the film a more "now" look, seem obtrusively out of place.) A skyjacker is aboard Global Airways' Flight 502 flying from Oakland to Minneapolis. Neither the crew nor the audience knows his identity; but shortly after take-off a lipsticked note on the lavatory mirror in the first-class cabin demands a change of course to Anchorage, Alaska, with the added warning that there is a bomb on board. The captain has no alternative but to follow instructions. Screenwriter Stanley R. Greenberg devotes most of the first hour of his taut, 100-minute script to shifting suspicion from one to another of his first-class passengers.

Not until the giant Boeing 707 touches down in Anchorage (after a harrowing near-miss with a privately owned Cessna in zero-visibility weather that would have been climax enough for most movies) does Greenberg reveal the culprit. Armed with a gun, grenades, and the bomb, he demands to be flown on to Moscow, with all of his front-cabin companions as hostages. Far from proving anticlimactic, this new turn of events builds the tension even higher—especially when a squadron of MIGs swarms in to buzz the plane once it has crossed the Russian border. Meanwhile, the cameras focus on the passengers and crew, studying their reactions to this extreme duress. At this point, one recalls *The High and the Mighty* rather than *Airport.* The action is more contained, more single-minded, more suspenseful.

Back in the Forties and Fifties, when we got such well-constructed, perfectly crafted movies on a fairly regular basis, it was almost too easy to dismiss them as simple-minded but happy. Simple-minded *Skyjacked* may be, with its one-dimensional characters and straight-on characterizations, but the craftsmanship is something else again. Director John Guillermin is superbly proficient at keeping the screen swirling with action despite the cramped quarters. Editor Robert Swink never allows a single shot to last longer than the bare minimum necessary to convey its full import. And cinematographer Harry Stradling, Jr., whether photographing magnificent plane-to-plane shots against turbulent cloud formations, or in the confines of the flight deck and first cabin, or down on the ground for the climactic sequence at the Moscow Airport (actually filmed at Oakland), uncannily hits upon just the right distancing to keep us constantly involved in the action. The cast —which includes such stalwarts as Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux, Mariette Hartley, and Jeanne Crain, as well as relative newcomers James Brolin, "Rosey" Grier, and Susan Dey—is perhaps best described as proficient. And proficiency, is what *Skyjacked* is all about.

Less effective along this line is *Buck and the Preacher,* a kind of TV's *Wagonmaster* in blackface. Its sole—or soul—distinction is that this time around, the wagon master is Sidney Poitier, wholeheartedly determined to lead his brethren to the green pastures of Colorado. He is joined in this enterprise by Harry Belafonte, an ex-slave turned preacher (the time is shortly after the Civil War), but is opposed by Cameron Mitchell, wearing Confederate Army headgear and leading his night-rider compatriots in an attempt to save Louisiana's economy by returning the former slaves to the cotton fields. Oddly enough, Mitchell is killed well before the finale, and his villainous role is passed along to second banana Denny Miller. Poitier, who also directed the film, is addicted to long, non-pregnant pauses in staging his scenes, and Belafonte's strangulated dialogue —perhaps because it issues from behind an obviously store-bought set of phony teeth—fails not only to register but even to record. It is symptomatic of our times that, when the showdown comes, the Indians line up with the blacks to stave off the predatory white contingent. This may please the black and Indian minorities, but it makes for singularly unconvincing drama. □

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Café Society Remembered

BY HERBERT LOTTMAN

Immortalized in countless novels, celebrated by romantic followers of Stein, Hemingway, and Joyce, the café in Paris was a glorious institution, a refuge for brilliant artists of the reigning intelligentsia, as well as a haven for pseudo intellectuals and frothy hangers-on, predecessors of today's groupies. Now the vitality is gone, and café society is an anachronism, but there was a time when walking into a Paris café was like entering another world. Hemingway describes Le Dôme:

> There were models who had worked and there were painters who had worked until the light was gone and there were writers who had finished a day's work for better or for worse, and there were drinkers and characters, some of whom I knew and some that were only decoration.

Le Dôme was one of "the three principal cafés" he treated with a degree of scorn in *A Moveable Feast*. ("In those days many people went to the cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail to be seen publicly and in a way such places anticipated the columnists. . . .") He preferred the Closerie des Lilas, farther along the Boulevard Montparnasse, where he did his morning writing. It was the café of Baudelaire and Verlaine, and later of Gide, Apollinaire, and Max Jacob. Today it's an elegant restaurant. But "the three principal cafés" encompassed the Montparnasse of Gertrude Stein, Henry Miller, and Max Ernst.

After World War II the center of action traveled a few streets north to Saint Germain des Prés, whose cafés had a tradition of their own—century-old Brasserie Lipp with memories of Léon Blum and of Jean Giraudoux; Café de Flore, from which Charles Maurras ran his Action Française; the Deux Magots of Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé. During the Nazi occupation, Jean-Paul Sartre sat close to the Flore's sawdust-burning stove, writing his important works; the postwar followers of existentialism flocked to the neighborhood, and Simone de Beauvoir's last volume of memoirs is a Pepys diary of Saint Germain des Prés's great days. (Sample: "May 10. I lunch *chez* Lipp, then I go to pick up Sartre. We sit outdoors at the Deux-Magots, the weather is fine. . . .") Sometimes Sartre and de Beauvoir would sit in the sun for hours at a stretch at neighboring tables at the Deux Magots, writing and smoking. (Neighbors said: smoking and writing.)

The fate of the literary café is well illustrated by comparing Sartre's experiences today with Joyce's during the between-the-wars period when he was beginning to acquire international fame. Joyce could sit peacefully where he wanted to; his friends could join him at the table without interruption. (There are few survivors of the Joycean generation in Paris. With the death this spring of Lucie Noel, widow of Joyce's aide, Paul Leon, only Marie Jolas remains active—but she is too busy translating Nathalie Sarraute and waging peace campaigns to spend time sitting around cafés.)

Sartre, on the other hand, had to flee Saint Germain des Prés after the newspapers began reporting existentialist gossip. With increased fame, he also had to flee the more select Pont Royal. There was always the vast and anonymous Coupole, 350 diners at a sitting, where it was considered chic to sit next to Sartre and de Beauvoir and pretend not to see them (and later to talk about that). But that era is past; Sartre isn't safe even there, and now he must hole up in neighborood cafés on the undistinguished avenue where he lives in an undistinguished apartment building.

It is difficult to set a precise date for the fall of the literary café as an institution. The denouement, in any case, might have come in the Swinging Sixties when the proprietor of the Café de Flore decided to hang small but urgent signs on the walls to the effect that drinks would have to be renewed regularly. Idlers and existentialist writers would no longer be welcome.

At that time, too, the ever-hospitable La Coupole, where in the past you'd always have found a table and a friend for morning croissants and coffee, a frugal lunch, or a long afternoon coffee leading up to the first pre-dinner apéritif, and so on up to the 2 a.m. closing—this ever-hospitable La Coupole began taking reservations for tables. You couldn't just walk in after work when "the light was gone," the way I recall seeing the sculptor Giacometti do. You'd be put at the end of a long waiting list, forced to stand in line as if for a popular movie. I can remember the time when Samuel Beckett, the most hermetic of writers, who refused interviews and even brief encounters, did not fear to tread here. Today tourists occupy the space left over by people who need to be seen here among the memories of Cocteau, Josephine Baker, and Kiki of Montparnasse, beneath the 1920s frescoes by Léger and his contemporaries. "Some people used to come all the way from New York to look at the celebrities," a maître d'hôtel explains. "Now they come in droves from the Paris middle-class suburbs. What can we do? We can't tell them that the place is reserved for intellectuals." (The Deux Magots now prints on its checks: "Rendezvous of the intellectual elite.")

The most recent change in the café scene was the transformation of Le Dôme into a false pub in unimaginative Gay Nineties décor—with "orange lights to hide the plastic furniture," as a French acquaintance describes it. Across the way the Rotonde had long since become a movie palace with adjoining snack bar. Only the Select, a few yards farther along the boulevard, is faithful to its traditions; and when cocktail hour comes, it is crowded with escapees from neighboring cafés.

And if the population explosion and inflationary prices hadn't killed café society, the automobile age would have. In Paris's temperate climate café life was largely an outdoor one. Today the cars have taken over the outdoors. They invade pedestrian crosswalks. Exhaust fumes envelop café terraces; revving engines and blowing horns drown out conversations. In such circumstances how can one flirt with a neighbor or hatch a theory? Only masochists sit inhaling carbon monoxide just because, once upon a pre-pollution time, Hemingway sat there.

We're a different people now, the French as well as the Americans. Our lives have speeded up, and who can waste precious moments daydreaming in a café? "Imagine Ralph Nader sitting down here, relaxing," says a friend I talk to at Brasserie Lipp. "Hardly conceivable, right? This isn't a generation of café sitters." □

Herbert Lottman, author of *Detours from the Grand Tour*, has been a resident of Paris's Left Bank for sixteen years.

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Phoenix Nest

Minutes From NOPE

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

At our last meeting, the National Organization for Psychic Energy (NOPE) reviewed some of the recent Russian research in ESP and decided that most of it is hogwash.

We had hoped to hear that they were making important strides. Instead, we find out they're having psychokinesis demonstrations to show that their most famous woman psychic can concentrate on a small plastic sphere and make it suspend in mid-air. How do you like that? World energy supplies dwindle, big work awaits the untapped resources of the human mind, and they're fooling around with parlor tricks!

Our guest was Dr. Roxby, who visited Russia and saw another PK session—a "sensitive" focused her mind on an ash tray and made it slide across a desk. He was quite excited about this, but we couldn't understand why.

We decided to send another press release to the *Times* (and they left it out again), reminding all these so-called researchers that fundamental scientific discoveries are supposed to do somebody some good. We propose to remain very clear-headed about this (hence our stand against going to the moon but in favor of coming back), and we can't see what difference it makes if a plastic ball in the Soviet Union falls down or not.

That at least was the consensus at this meeting, which was a productive one, albeit sparsely attended. Our first action, unfortunately, had to be the cancellation of our number-one effort toward a practical application of ESP. After an attempt to notify members telepathically about the meeting, no one showed up but the officers and our guest speaker. When Dr. Roxby offered to call a friend of his who can concentrate on a calendar and change Tuesday to Saturday, we concentrated on Dr. Roxby and caused him to leave.

Most of the discussion had to do with the story in the March 18 *SR* about Nina Kulagina, the Russian sensitive who claims to suspend the plastic sphere, to separate the yolk from the white of an egg, and to stop the heartbeat of a frog. She also moves paper clips, matches, and compass needles. So much for Russian research. We think they need some new people in there.

Meantime, NOPE's own search for genuinely useful applications of psychokinesis is having its trouble, but we're going to go ahead with interviews of all the supposed sensitives who have written to us.

One correspondent from San Diego claims that by concentrating on the idea of sunrise at midnight, he can wind his watch; also that he can make marshmallows explode and can telepathically comb his hair, or the hair of others, often in fanciful or humorous patterns, and sometimes change the

"Are you trying to tell me that human relations are more important than public relations?"

"Straightforward, graphic...unsentimental, funny."
—*The New Yorker*

The author is an overworked firefighter in a screaming big city slum. A man with a Master's degree who would rather risk his life trying to keep the ghetto from burning up than do anything else in the world. His book tells why.
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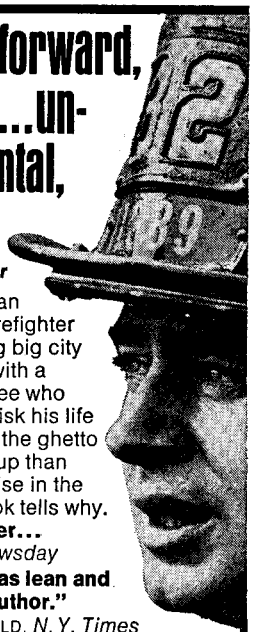
"The book is as lean and tough as its author."
—MARTIN ARNOLD, *N. Y. Times*



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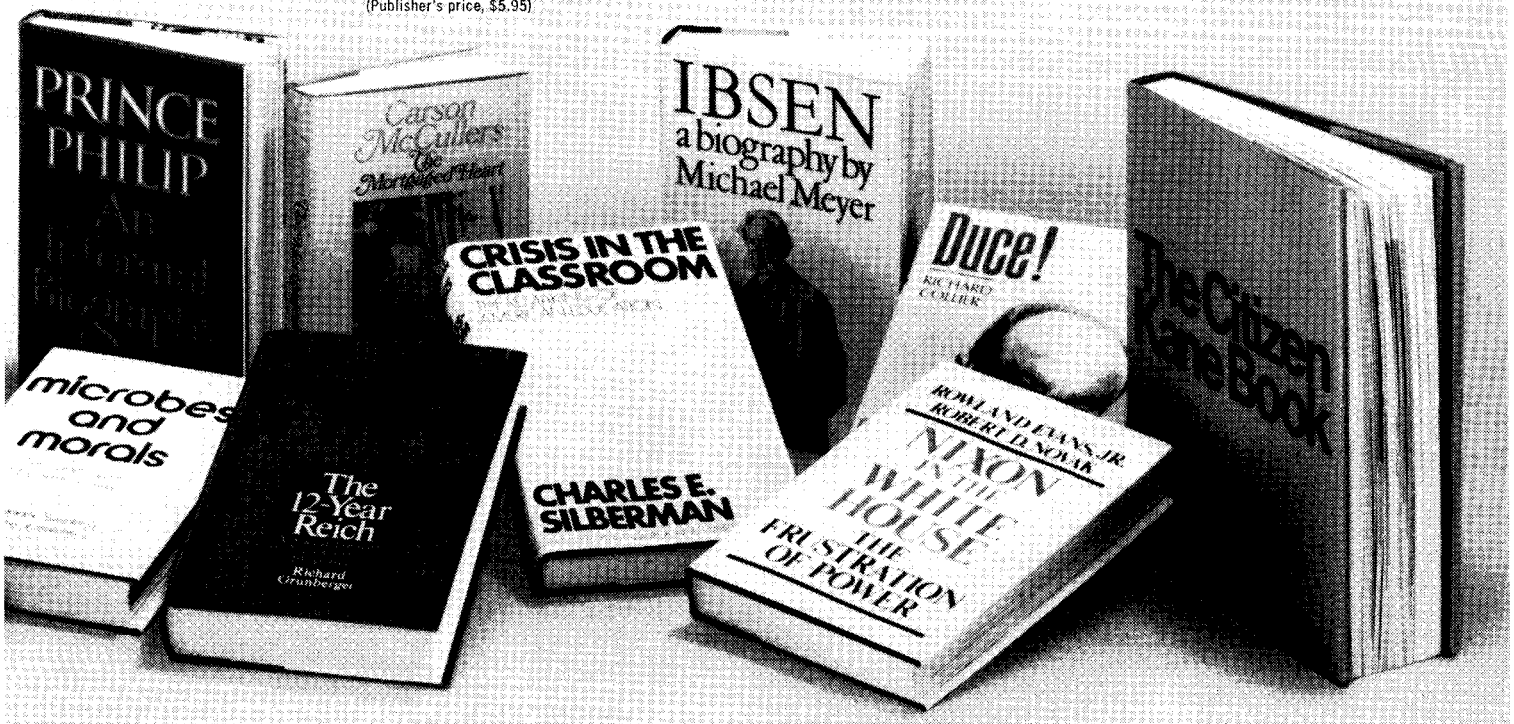

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color. We think he's a fake, but we'll talk to him.

Another man (a friend of his—wouldn't you know?) can flush his commode from thirty feet away and can change the page numbers of news magazines.

There's a dentist in Atlanta who claims to have enough mind power to melt chocolate, turn tea into coffee, untie people's shoes, and make bus drivers lose their way. He's trying an experiment to induce grass to withdraw back into the ground. That could be trouble.

There's the usual flood of letters from people who say they can cause doorbells to ring and zippers to jam, control the flight patterns of insects, and unravel knitwear.

A discouragingly small percentage of sensitives even claim to do anything useful to society. One woman has been turning salt into sugar but reports that she can't turn sand into sugar no matter how hard she tries. She has, however, used psychokinesis to remove stains from furniture fabrics.

We were enthusiastic about the milkman in Baltimore who can cause fog to lift, but we called him, and it turns out he can lift it only a couple of inches. What is even more disheartening is the number of psychics who can't seem to cause anything but mischief. One makes milk curdle and peels bark from trees, another grows feathers on fish, and still others make pens leak or underwear shrink, or they shatter stained-glass windows, set carbon paper on fire, blow fuses, straighten pretzels, and make paint slide down from the walls. We can't *wait* to meet the lady in Erie, Pennsylvania, whose only claim to psychic powers is that she can make the librarian blink, or the one who makes sparks jump from the nose of her cocker spaniel.

But the search continues. The mind is a wonderful mechanism, and we're not going to rest until someone discovers a practical use for it.

Alan Van Dine

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GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. 45, available June. Excellent cook, butler, valet, houseman. Top salary plus room and board. New England or NYC. Box H-270.

GRADUATE, traveled male, seeks interesting summer job. 215-WA 5-3887.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SHORT STORY WRITER with provable sales, as collaborator, split fee basis. Box H-280.

NEEDED: Physician-medical director for Free Clinic. $13,500 per year plus medical insurance and licensure fees. This position is approved for C.O. Contact Jeanne Sonville, 2039 Cornell Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44106. 216-721-4010.

HEAD WATERFRONT DIRECTOR—Experienced. College grad, over 21, male or female. Girls' resident camp, Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania. Mr. Black, 215-CA 4-2100 collect.

COED BOARDING SCHOOL—2 resident nurses, single, for 20-bed infirmary. Grades 9-12. Annual contract, but you only work September 15th-June 15th. Christmas and Spring vacation with pay. Contact: Business Manager, Blair Academy, Blairstown, New Jersey 07825.

WORK IN DEVELOPING MEXICO. Rapid advancement, negligible taxes, inexpensive entertainment, pleasant living. List of 200 United States, international, Mexican companies, immigration procedure. $4.00. Infomex, SR, 1923A Ojeman Road, Houston, Texas 77055.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706R5, Orinda, California 94563.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Free passage. 50,000 Jobs—most comprehensive information anywhere—Employment Directory, Business Directory, Teaching Opportunities, Education, Housing, Taxation, Ranching, Maps. Only $1.00. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

LONDON—Secretaries, typists. Applicants pay own fare. 50c. Miss Liberty, 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

JOBS EUROPE AND ENGLAND guaranteed and salaried. Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring. Young people 18-29. Hotels, restaurants, hospitals, etc. For details and application, send $1.00 with a stamped self-addressed business size envelope to Princeton Research, Dept. R., Box 44188, Panorama City, California 91402.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100 page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K7, Ames, Iowa 50010.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Shaker Heights offers: A nationally recognized school system; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; forward-looking, integrated communities. Attractive suburban homes and apartments for sale and rent. Contact the Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

NEWBURYPORT. MASSACHUSETTS (North Shore)—Superb 1809 Federalist, 12 rooms, 8 fireplaces, 3½ baths, modern kitchen. Third floor with kitchenette has been in-law apartment. Carriage house. 2 landscaped acres. 40 minutes to Boston. $79,800. Owner, 617-462-7974.

EXECUTIVE BLAHS? Change surroundings! We have three distinct homes on prime Gull Lake locations to offer discriminating buyers. 1. Impressive chapel ceilinged living room, natural rock fireplace. 2. Dream kitchen, shadow-free indirect lighting. 3. Formal home and grounds plus lake living. Direct inquiries to Gene Goedker Realty, Box 197, Nisswa, Minnesota 56468. Area code 218-963-7507.

Furnished, Unfurnished

QUOGUE. L.I. (THE HAMPTONS)—Located in small, charming village, about a mile from beach, near tennis courts and small golf club. Sailing on Shinnecock Bay, ½ mile. This old, charming summer house has 10 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 porches, a large bright kitchen, and is comfortably furnished. Large landscaped yard, gorgeous trees, some perfect for a child's tree house. Ideal for a family with children. A good income house, as well. Seasonal rent is $5,500. Low maintenance. This residence could not be replaced for well over the asking price of $75,000. SR Box H-256.

VINALHAVEN ISLAND. MAINE (Penobscot Bay). Very desirable property, old 4-bedroom home, fireplace, comfortable kitchen, exquisitely furnished. Inquiries SR Box H-260.

For Rent—Furnished

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

ST. JOHN. VIRGIN ISLANDS—Newly built house near National Park. Summer rate $275 weekly includes jeep. Jahnige, Williamsburg, Massachusetts 01096.

For Summer Rental

ROGERS ROCK CLUB. INC., on unspoiled northern Lake George, four miles from Ticonderoga, New York. Fully equipped summer cottages for rent. Children welcome. Mile and half private shoreline. Woodland trails, swimming, tennis courts, casino. Golf nearby. Mrs. Geoffrey Wilson, 375 East Gowen Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119. 215-CH 8-4860.

MAINE. MID-COAST. Pemaquid Region. 2-4-bedroom oceanfront vacation homes. $300-$800 monthly. Chapman-Hall Realty, Damariscotta, 04543. 207-563-3344.

SCARSDALE. N.Y.—12-room elegant manor house, 7, 15-9, 2 or part. 914-472-5045, SR Box H-271.

CASTINE. MAINE—Beach house for two. Boat mooring, golf, tennis nearby. $2,300 season, $675 monthly. Verna Allen, Holiday House, Castine, Maine 04421.

BEAUTIFUL HUDSON RIVER ESTATE—12-room house, summer house, pool and cabana. July 1st through Labor Day. $3,500. Helen Z. Battistoni, Realtor, 22 Market Street, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 914-876-7091 & 914-876-4212.

WILMINGTON. VERMONT—Modern 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, fireplace. Sleeps 10. Mountaintop view; near recreation. $550 month, $1,500 season. 203-269-6296.

TWO-FAMILY COTTAGE on River Road near Bethlehem, N.H. All appliances. Phone evenings 212-BO 8-8339.

ARTIST'S IDEAL—Charming remodeled schoolhouse, 65 miles NYC. 3 bedrooms. Swimming, mountains, trails. Summer $900. 212-523-0488.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT—Secluded 2-bedroom house on tree-shaded acre. Trouble free organic garden. 203-866-4913.

SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE—4 bedrooms, 2 baths. August 7th, month, $400. SR Box H-286.

HOUSE TO SHARE

FINGER LAKES REGION, New York, with working gal. Box H-253.

HOUSES/APARTMENTS

For Sale/Rent

MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE service.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home, Box D-467.

FOR RENT-FREE VACATIONS join our home vacation exchangers. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278-T, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. **Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.**

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

NOVA SCOTIA—200 hillside acres, swimming, restored home. Wolpin, RR 1, St. Andrews, Antigonish.

MID-VERMONT. Charming, restored revolutionary home, barn, lodge, etc. Secluded 100 mountainside acres. Magnificent view. $149,000. Owner. 914-949-3787.

RESIDENTIAL CONDOMINIUM in the Berkshires—a different kind of condominium living in a delightful village. Write for brochure. Kent Hills, Kent, Connecticut 06757.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS—White sand beaches, cooling trade winds, palm groves, exotic coral reef, clean water, remote retreats untouched by civilization. Priced from $20,000 to $300,000 with terms available. Box H-216.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

NEW WAY TO LIVE IN OLD MEXICO—Enjoy warm spring weather the year 'round in Lomas de Taxco, the newest resort community in old Mexico. For as little as $26,000, you can own a modern 2-bedroom home on a mesa overlooking picturesque Taxco, between Mexico City and Acapulco. Golf, swimming, riding, and lots of easy living. Taxes under $100 a year. Write us for complete information. PANORAMA International, Ltd., Dept. LL31, 810 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Phone 202-783-3000.

LAND AND RURAL PROPERTY in northwestern Vermont. Robert Marlowe, Realtor, 114 North Main Street, St. Albans, Vermont 05478. 802-524-6586.

MAINE—Ocean Island in entirety. WESTERN ISLAND—27 acres, located off Cape Rosier. Spruce clad headlands, meadowed field rolling to protected beach, bricked up well, protected mooring—a "Tiffany Diamond." Price $95,000. Terms: $35,000 down, $6,000 annually plus 6% simple interest. Goodwin W. Wiseman, 151 Broadway, Suite G, Bangor, Maine. 207-947-4567. Write for our new list of recreational and investment properties.

SOUTHERN VERMONT ski area. Riverside house built for strength and beauty. Designed for graceful living, plus fun. $50,000. Walcott, West Dummerston, Vermont 05301.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 906-A, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

CAMPS

SCIENCE/WILDERNESS EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp, Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept of science recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. SAFARI I wilderness program, SAFARI II in Canadian Rockies. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Investigate Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. 26th summer. Unregimented ranch/travel program. Boys, girls 13-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

SUBTROPICAL RANCHO RUIDOSO. Kids, 10-15. Horses, pool, Gulf trips, old Mexico. Route 1, Box 1755, McAllen, Texas 78501.

SUGAR MOUNTAIN MUSIC CAMP—Blueridge Mountains of North Carolina. Almost entire staff from Sun Valley Music Camp, Sun Valley, Idaho. In beautiful new location. Write: Dept. R, P.O. Box 6111, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

WOOLMAN HILL. SUMMER PROJECT. Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342. Crafts, organic farming, rural skills. Coed, 14-16.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS and community spirit even higher than our arts, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey 08318.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

PARENTS — FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 352-page 31st Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

INNOVATIVE SUMMER COMMUNITY—Coed, 15-18. Challenging ecological and work projects. Spontaneous outdoor activities and fun! Northern Michigan. Innisfree Project, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Also Camp Tahoe for Overweight Boys. Phone 212-947-7749.

RETIREMENT LIVING

CONSIDERING A RETIREMENT CENTER? When? When retirement makes your time your own . . . Consider Schroder Manor . . . Consider the accommodations, services, care, arrangements, security, location, and sponsors. Write James J. Boomgard, Jr., 1304 Millville Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio 45013.

VACATIONS

FABULOUS MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA efficiency apartments near Naples-on-the-Gulf. Furnished, garden-type, air conditioned, kitchenette, cablevision, pool. At 3 mile beach. Excellent fishing, golf, tennis, shelling, restaurants, stores. Only $80 weekly, $270 monthly (4 weeks). Contact Norman Myers, Box 906, Burlington, Vermont. Tel. 802-862-5757 or 802-864-4100.

NEW MEXICO RANCH RESORT—Bring the children to one of America's finest ranch resorts located just 5 minutes from historic Santa Fe. Enjoy the clean, invigorating mountain air and the wholesome activities supervised by trained counselors. Riding, swimming, fishing, golf, tennis, trap and skeet shooting, pack trips and cookouts. Fascinating shops, art colony and world famous opera in nearby Santa Fe. Excellent food and accommodations. Special Holiday Package including daily horseback riding available. For complete information and reservations, contact James R. Thorpe, Manager, The Bishop's Lodge, Box 2367-R, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. Telephone 505-983-6378.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SAILING LESSONS. Rental sailboats, variety of sizes. Brochure, Mystic Wharf, West Mystic, Connecticut 06388. 203-536-3332.

JOYCE'S COTTAGES—Quaint lobster village. L. V. Joyce, Swan's Island, Maine 04685. 207-526-2794.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

WHAT MAKES ME. GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE—Beautiful 900 acre estate that is home of Austria's renowned Trapp family. Ride, swim. Walk in the gardens, along wooded trails. Splendid Viennese food, mountain scenery. Send for colorful brochure and rates. Dept. 2S, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Secluded, informal, rustic-yet entirely modern. Southern hospitality amidst Alpine splendor. Recommended by AAA, Duncan Hines. American Plan only. Excellent cuisine. Late May to November. No children under 12. Brochure. Bob Stone & Bill Timmerman, Owner/Hosts. Tel. 704-479-3433.

MEXICO—Quiet country hacienda near Taxco. Swimming, tennis, ideal accommodations. P.O. Box 28, Taxco, Gro.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

CULTURAL REVOLUTION—Arts alive and flourishing in BERKSHIRES. Clark Art Museum, summer theatre, Tanglewood. Tennis pro, golf. Treadway Williams Inn, Williams Campus, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS in the Catskills and White Mountains offer a unique vacation experience of recreation and mental stimulation. Through dialogue among people of different backgrounds, films and speakers, a global view and wholistic approach to life emerge. For information, write or phone World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818, 203-874-1461, or Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446, 914-893-9839.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

SUITS-US FARM—Parents and children love it! Animals, pony and hay rides. Bonfires, fishing, heated pool. Tennis. Also, golf, auctions, antiques nearby. Private bath available. Brochure. Bovina Center, 3, N.Y. 607-832-4369. Always hot coffeepot.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

THE FLYING CLOUD INN—A secluded Colonial retreat in the heart of the Berkshires. Featuring tennis, swimming, woodland walks, carefully prepared menus and selected wines. Congenial company. Convenient to summer Music, Dance, Theatre. Capacity 20 guests. Reservations required. Open May 12th to October 31st. New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. Tel. 413-229-2113.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

TROPICAL ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA/BRADENTON: Near Walt Disney World. Send for free vacation guide. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-SR, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

SAN FRANCISCO'S alfa inn—Family oriented Motel-Apartments. Spacious living. Reasonable rates. Write for Brochure. 2505 Lombard Street, 94123.

PROSPECT HOUSE RESORT HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $84-$132 weekly. Charles Baker, Host. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER, Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. 617-645-9454.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR, Vermont lake. ADULTS: bungalows (fireplace, bath). All meals or housekeeping. Canoeing, Sailing, Tennis. Near golf, Dartmouth, White Mountains. CAMPERS (2 years through 12): "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Swimming. Boating. Pony. Climbing. Crafts. Cookouts. Square Dancing. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

SUNNY BARBADOS—At half price during Summer and Fall! Comfortably cooled by Trade Winds on the sparkling Southeast coast; sand beach. 1- and 2-bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included. $80-$150 May through November. $150-$300, December through April. Susan D. Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

VACATIONS

JOHNNY APPLESEED FAMILY WORKSHOP: wholesome, creative vacation for parents and children . . . and reasonable too! 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N.Y. 10707.

NOTCH BROOK RESORT. Stowe, Vermont, Luxurious, cool mountain locale. Excellent GOLF, pool, all sports. Double rooms and town-house suites. BROCHURE. 7 Notch Brook Road. Tel. 802-253-4882.

COLORADO ALPINE ADVENTURES. 2-12 day backpacking and horseback adventures into the virgin wilds. From $25. Box 18427, Denver, Colorado 80218.

LUXURY IN THE ROUGH—Relaxing, congenial Resort Lodge & Motel. Informal atmosphere. Swimming pool, golf. Outstanding food. Cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine 04945.

ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE in rural Hertfordshire, 45 miles London, available August. 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, modern kitchen. Daily help. Large, moated garden, outdoor swimming pool. No pets, children under 7. Highest references essential. £150 p. w., minimum 3 weeks. SR Box H-269.

BACKPACKER'S DREAM—an incredible 38 miles from NYC. Secluded, scenic wilderness camping in vast, unspoiled, private mountain preserve. Lakes, streams, trails. Long-term family memberships. (Numbers limited to keep area wild.) Write: Wilderness Alliance, Box 338S, Hewitt, N.J. 07421.

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S—PERU, VERMONT 05155. Exceptional mountain inn—for families. Spacious pool, court, superb golfing. Most interesting countryside. Folder.

FRIENDLY, MARRIED FRENCH COUPLE welcomes guests modern villa. Superb cuisine, worldwide renowned prehistoric, medieval, gastronomic Perigord countryside. $149 week single, $250 couple. Berbichatras, 19 Objat, France.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1991

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Genus of tropical American bignoniaceous trees	106 124 163 191 15 35 75 156 66
B. Birdlike	88 96 112 132 147 171 6 31 55
C. Kinkajou (2 wds.)	56 89 122 131 153 38 50 99 140
D. 1939 Lubitsch film with Garbo and Douglas	176 195 23 46 65 86 116 3 53
E. Brit. film director ("The 39 Steps")	98 117 129 185 18 76 145 194 125
F. Eminent artist, esp. of 15th-18th centuries (2 wds.)	128 143 157 110 136 9 28 43 58
G. Third book of the Pentateuch	67 79 166 181 17 51 115 39 61
H. They "are wiser than they seem," said Bacon (2 wds., "Of Seeming Wise")	80 87 111 134 161 178 92 190 29
I. Pitching game	42 150 25 37 59 85 102 168 186 16
J. Diminishing (3 wds.)	22 84 100 149 167 94 104 184 14
K. Indian salad	148 187 24 72 120 179 19 91 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Climax of a play	21 139 160 193 108 170 142 138 2 52
M. Urging to some course of conduct or action	130 7 32 109 155 177 26 45 197
N. Drank	13 144 48 64 78 103 119
O. Nickname of blues singer (1888-1949) who played a 12-string guitar	151 158 62 68 154 172 1 11 20
P. Concentrated, purified	105 165 146 196 69 118 180 34 189
Q. Quiet, peaceful	73 83 114 164 169 47 90
R. Muse of music and lyric poetry	135 162 44 74 174 192 82
S. Made as profit	188 77 113 127 183 8
T. Secret; sly	71 107 36 97 175 63 4
U. Last	95 70 40 30 133 123 10 159 101
V. Inhabitant; sojourner	60 54 93 81 121 49 152 141 137
W. Took to one's heels; rode shanks' mare (2 wds.)	27 57 5 182 126 12 173 41

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

	1 O	2 L	3 D	4 T		5 W	6 B	7 M	8 S		9 F	10 U	11 O	12 W	13 N	14 J
15 A	16 I		17 G	18 E	19 K	20 O		21 L	22 J	23 D	24 K	25 I	26 M	27 W		28 F
29 H	30 U	31 B	32 M		33 K	34 P	35 A	36 T	37 I		38 C	39 G	40 U		41 W	42 I
43 F		44 R	45 M	46 D	47 Q	48 N	49 V	50 C		51 G	52 L		53 D	54 V	55 B	
56 C	57 W	58 F	59 I		60 V	61 G		62 O		63 T	64 N	65 D	66 A	67 G		68 O
69 P	70 U	71 T	72 K	73 Q	74 R	75 A	76 E	77 S		78 N	79 G	80 H	81 V	82 R	83 Q	84 J
	85 I	86 D	87 H	88 B	89 C	90 Q		91 K	92 H	93 V		94 J	95 U	96 B		97 T
98 E	99 C	100 J		101 U	102 I	103 N		104 J	105 P	106 A	107 T	108 L	109 M	110 F	111 H	112 B
113 S	114 Q		115 G	116 D	117 E	118 P	119 N	120 K	121 V	122 C		123 U	124 A	125 E	126 W	
127 S	128 F		129 E	130 M	131 C	132 B	133 U		134 H	135 R	136 F	137 V	138 L		139 L	140 C
141 V		142 L	143 F	144 N	145 E	146 P	147 B		148 K	149 J	150 I	151 O	152 V	153 C		154 O
155 M	156 A		157 F	158 O	159 U	160 L	161 H	162 R	163 A	164 Q	165 P	166 G	167 J		168 I	169 Q
	170 L	171 B	172 O	173 W	174 R		175 T	176 D	177 M	178 H	179 K	180 P	181 G	182 W	183 S	184 J
185 E	186 I		187 K	188 S	189 P		190 H	191 A	192 R	193 L	194 E	195 D	196 P	197 M		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 74 of this issue.

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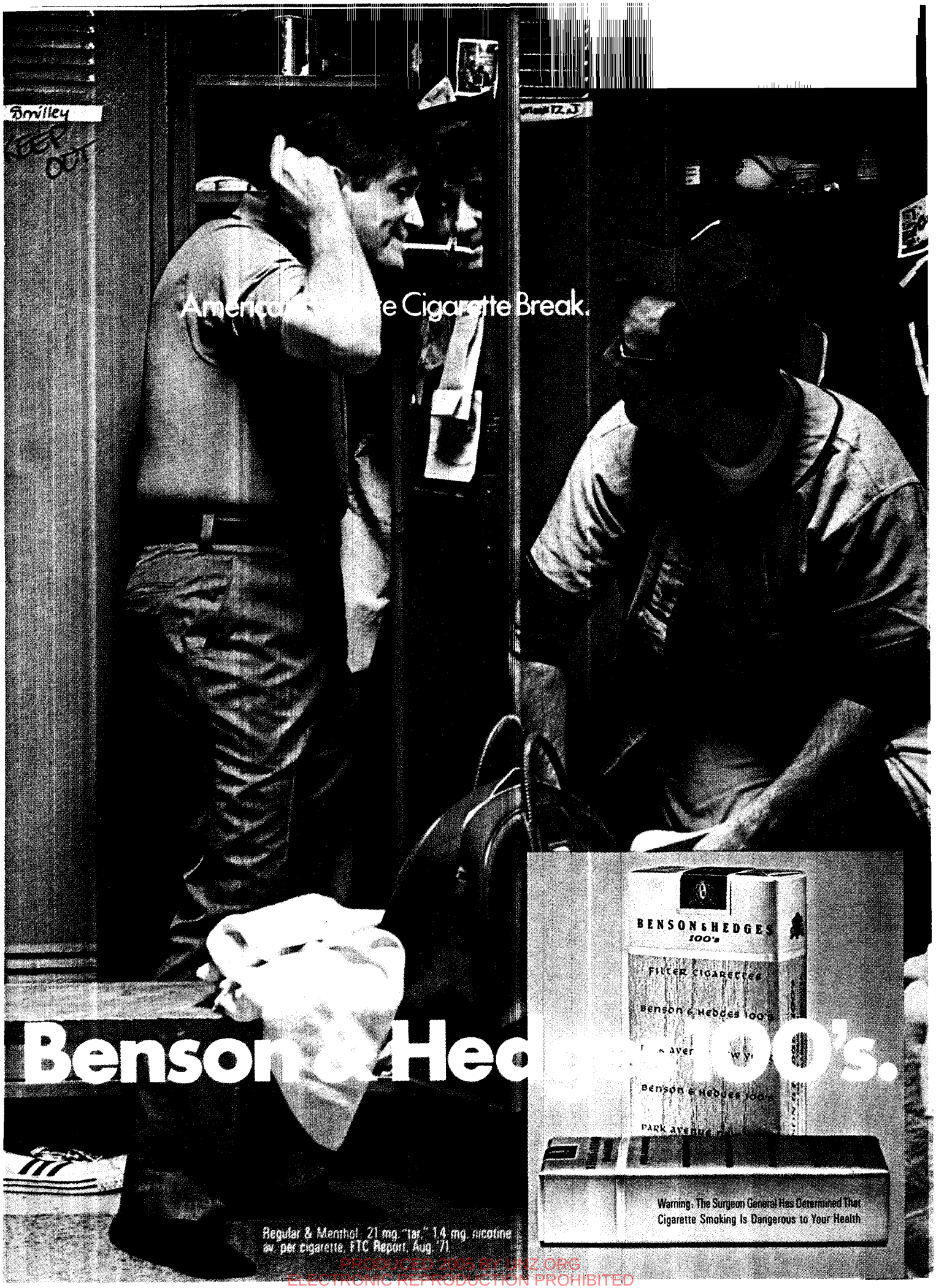

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